

JULY 1968 / 50¢

# disco scene

DISCOSCENE OF SOUTHERN MARYLAND

**BIG POSTER INSIDE**

*Is Tiny Tim for real?*

**Earth Opera**

**Joe Tex**

**Glenn Campbell**

**Electric Prune**

**Richie Havens**

**Blue Cheer**

**Frank Zappa**







# Whatever happened to 'Roll'?

Lost in the shuffle. Out to lunch. Dead and buried maybe. And rock's getting on well... mixing with the folk crowd, turning on old England, going blues-y and jazzing it up, turning on the underground and just plain turning on.

But More Is Happening. And fast. Call it Tomorrow, New Wave, New Sound—New Something, but Columbia's new artists are on the forward edge of the biggest thing yet.

## It's the start of What ever happened to 'Rock.'

	PERSONNEL	THEIR BAG	THEIR THING	SUMMARY
 <p><b>BLOOD SWEAT &amp; TEARS</b> CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN</p> <p>INCLUDING: LOVE YOU MORE THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW I CAN TOUT HER SOMETHING GOIN ON HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY</p>	<p>Al Kooper—vocals, organ Steve Katz—vocals, guitar Jim Fielder—bass Dick Halligan—trombone Fred Lipsius—sax Jerry Weiss—trumpet Randy Brecker—trumpet Bobby Colomby—drums</p>	<p>A big-band sound, but electric. A horn section that functions somewhere between rhythm and big-band jazz.</p>	<p>Kooper and Katz want to move forward in time from The Blues Project to a new organism in music. A perfection of form achieved through a perfection of performers.</p>	<p>100 years from now, this will be the big-band sound from the past that everyone remembers.</p>
 <p><b>The Electric Flag</b> A LONG TIME COMIN' AN AMERICAN MUSIC BAND</p>	<p>Mike Bloomfield—leader Barry Goldberg—organ Nick Gravenites—vocals Buddy Miles—drums Peter Strazza—tenor sax Marcus Doubleday—trumpet Harvey Brooks—bass</p>	<p>The Memphis sound. Soul blues with a big-band style. Earthy brass and vocals.</p>	<p>Superlatives. To be the best Memphis sound ever. White blues with "the real thing." Mike Bloomfield is the most influential guitarist in pop music today. His presence will be felt even more.</p>	<p>They were the sensation of last year's Monterey Pop Festival. And that was last year.</p>
 <p><b>THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA</b></p>	<p>Joseph Byrd—leader Dorothy Moskowitz—vocals Gordon Marron—violinist Craig Woodson—drummer Rand Forbes—bassist</p>	<p>Avant-garde electronic rock. California, exotic and "surprise" influences. Extremely sophisticated instruments. Strong lyric orientation.</p>	<p>Shock rock; music is the "new literature"—a vehicle for stripping away the surfaces to show things as they are. To get under your skin.</p>	<p>The USA album comes in a plain brown wrapper because it fits.</p>
 <p><b>SPIRIT</b> MECHANICAL WORLD</p> <p>INCLUDING: UNCLE JACK STRAIGHT ARROW FRESH GARbage</p>	<p>Ed Cassidy—drummer Randy California—guitar Jay Ferguson—vocals Mark Andes—bass, vocals John Locke—pianist</p>	<p>Electronic music with diverse influences—California, Jazz, Classical, Eastern, Polymorphous. Turned on lyrics with a message.</p>	<p>To blow the sum of man's musical experience apart and bring it together in more universal forms. Unity.</p>	<p>Spirit becomes a single musical being. It happens in the first album.</p>

# discoscene

**DISCOSCENE**  
of  
**Southern Maryland**

Box 623  
Rockville, Maryland  
Phone (301) 929-1670

## ABOUT THE COVER

Cover art courtesy of REPRISE from  
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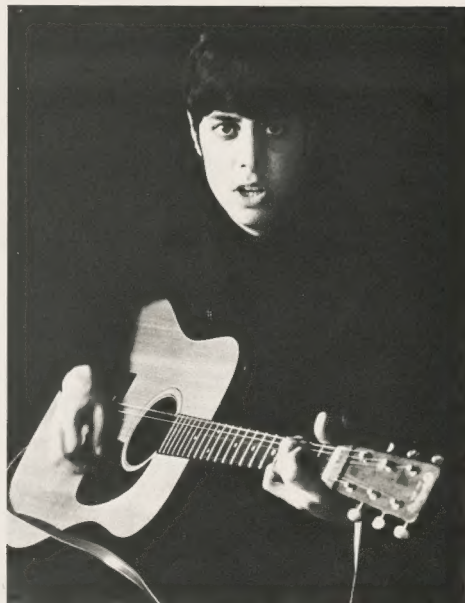


# WEAM/SUPERTEEN

Super-talented Theresa Chandler, Don Derzavis, and the Gnu Generation are the winners of the WEAM/SUPERTEEN contest. Theresa, a folk-singing sophomore at Hammond High School in Alexandria, is an unusually talented young lady who writes her own songs.

Don's music is also original. His musical experience began when he was five. He formed his own band when he was twelve, and has been experimenting with tape recordings for the past two years.

The Gnu Generation has evolved a style very much its own. A nice-looking, clean-cut group of young men, they are booked frequently in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland. From left to right are Jerry Bowen, John Pool, WEAM Redcoat Steve Raymond, Gary Scott, (bottom row) Nils C. Finne, and Jeff Pace.



*A few winning notes from Don Derzavis.*



*Theresa Chandler tries recording at WEAM*



*The Gnu Generation meets WEAM Redcoat Steve Raymond.*

*WEAM salutes our SUPERTEENS!!*

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# WHERE IT'S AT

by Sheila Blanchard

Summer is in full swing, and many of you have gone, or are planning to go, to the beach. One of the best places to go is Ocean City, Maryland. I hope to be able to give you information that will in some way help you to enjoy your stay.

The first thing everyone wants to know is "where should I stay." If you don't want to spend any money on shelter (and don't mind a little risk) the following will help you.

It will also not endear you to the local police, but it has been done successfully in the past. One word of caution: make sure that you have a friend who is in Ocean City---one whom you can reach in case you need bail.

1. Go down past 130th Street, and camp on the beach. The farther down the better. Do not park your car anywhere near you if you have one: it is a dead give-away.
2. Sleep in your car, or someone else's. Make sure that it is in a large parking lot---cuts down chances of being seen.
3. Sleep on someone's porch. This is very risky, but it has worked.
4. Sleep under the boardwalk. This is also risky, but if you pile sand around your spot and brace it so it won't fall in, the beach patrol may not see you.
5. Find someone who has a room and stay with them.
6. The easiest is find an all-night restaurant and drink coffee. When it gets to be about 6 a.m., the beach near the boardwalk will be open, then you can go sleep on the beach. This is the safest because there is little risk, as long as you have money for coffee.

I am not advising the above methods, but since some of you are planning to do this, it may help you because they have all worked. If it doesn't in your case, you blew it, not me. When you want to clean up, go to the local public showers where you can shower and change, and even wash your dirty clothes.

For those of you who still want to rough it, but are not so adventurous, for a couple of dollars you can stay at the local camping grounds outside of Ocean City. They have guaranteed ice cold shower water, and that is it. If you want to clean your clothes, bring a pail with you and wash them



in that. All good girl scouts know this (if you rent a girl scout).

Then there are those who are willing to spend four or five dollars. A good bet for you is community living. There are places in Ocean City that will rent you a bed. You will probably end up in a room with four or five other people, but the one advantage is that you will probably have a bath with shower. Again, for clean clothes, wash them in the sink; it is far cheaper than the laundromat. *Attention, girls:* make sure you get a room with a door. I know some girls that got a room with just a curtain, right across from a room of boys who had a door, and all night long the curtain kept blowing out of place. The boys had chipped in and bought a fan.

If you want a really nice room, it can cost you as much as ten dollars a day. But in some places they do not limit the number of persons in the room. So, if you can get two or three other people to share the rent, you will be all set. Air conditioning costs extra in most places, so keep your windows open.

If you're a millionaire, or a relation of one, you can stay anywhere, and so can your butler. If you're staying with your parents, bring home a beach bum. Maybe your mommy will lit you keep him. Besides, the beach bum you save may be your brother.

Now for food. This is for your interest and that of your parents. If you want to bring your own, it is cheaper. If you





want to eat out, there are many places which are quite good: Mario's, The Crab House, English's Chicken and Steak House (all on Beach Drive), and there are many other good carryouts all along the boardwalk. In fact they are just about everywhere. If you plan to buy food and cook it yourself, go to the supermarket outside of Ocean City. It's a good distance to go, but it is worth it. The Ding Dong, up on Beach Drive around First Street, is also good; but the rest charge a lot and sometimes the quality is not worth it. For those of you who didn't know, an electric coffee pot can cook soup, stews, and anything else that has a decent amount of liquid in it. If you're a beach bum, find a girl who is staying with her family, then eat with them—it's free.

If you plan to buy anything in Ocean City, beware of one thing: the beach has only one season, and during that season they want your money. Shop around. You'll find many things greatly over-priced, but if you can, try to bring all you will need from home. If you have to get something, be picky, look around, compare the prices and then buy. The same thing goes for souvenirs.

If you want to get a good and lasting tan, get a start on it at home. That way you are not likely to get a bad burn. It isn't fun to get all the way to the beach and then get such a bad burn that you become sick and have to go home. Watch out for a windburn. The wind in Ocean City will rub you raw with the sand it carries. If you should need a doctor, go to the medical center. There is always someone on duty morning, noon and night. A private doctor will usually send you there anyway if you're from out of town. Besides, they have special hours and don't like to deviate from them. They will, though, if it is an emergency.

Now for having fun. If you want to meet a girl (or vice versa) there are many places to go. The Pier Ballroom, right where it's name says it is, is good, if you are under 16. They usually feature local bands; some are good, and some aren't. On week nights and weekends the price is good: they never charge over a dollar. Another place is on the boardwalk itself, particularly around 9th Street. You will usually find a folk fest going there at any time of the night, or just crowds of people. Look for Minerva the dancing Fern on Eleventh Street; she makes an on and off appearance throughout the summer. Ocean City Playland on 65th Street is good daytime fun, and so are the many game lands up on the boardwalk. For "after twelve" amusement, go to Billy's Sub Shop, up near the pier amusement area. Signs will point the way. Besides good food for your money, he always has a large crowd. One reason is that he has one of the few places open all night. If you see a lot of coffee drinkers there don't be surprised. If you come to play pool, or if you need some money and play fairly well, there is a decent pool hall one block up from Billy's on a side street. Look closely, though, it's easy to miss. If your parents want someplace to go, there are night clubs, Ocean City Downs, bingo halls, antique shops, and the one and only Irish House. The Irish House holds old-fashioned sing-alongs; and it's sporting a whole new front. This is one place they shouldn't miss. Remind your parents that Bobby Baker's Carousel also has a good nightclub. If you are over 16, and

you aren't in a mood for the boardwalk, there is only one place to be, and that is the Beachcomber.

This place I love. It's a good way down on Beach Drive, but you can't miss it: it has a red and white striped front. They have an atmosphere you wouldn't believe. Besides shapely girls in sailor outfits, they have ultra-violet lights that really blow your mind. The lights show up who has white teeth and who doesn't, and gives you a tan color even if you're white as a ghost. They also have achieved something this year I hadn't thought possible—they have finally got a band that rivals the Teletars, who played there a couple of years ago. They are called the Rubber Box, and they have a sound that really gets you grooving. One thing I will say, they charge too much for admission on the weekends: \$2 is too much to pay. Don't forget to tip your waitress. Also, you can kiss the guy who shows you where to park your car. He is one of the nicest guys and one of the most beautiful people you will run into in Ocean City. Tell him Sheila sent you. If you're a guy, don't bother. One thing, don't ever ask him to criticize your photography, he's too honest. Just make sure that you hit the Beachcomber.

For those of you who like to surf, try the waves down around 165th Street. There you get the natural wave, up toward the boardwalk. You can surf there at dawn, or at sunset. Any other time you may be ordered out by the beach patrol or the life guards. If you don't have a board, surf shops in O. C. will rent you one. Sometimes there is a guy renting them down around 165th Street. You can also rent motorcycles and bicycles in and around O.C. One word of advice: if you've never driven a cycle before, forget it. I saw a guy who hadn't and he was a mess after he tried a fancy turn and a car hit him. But it's your life.

Transportation is no problem. There are buses, cabs, a boardwalk train, and your thumb---the latter being the cheapest. Trailways and Greyhound both serve Ocean City.

If approached by a young panhandler, be generous—he may do the same for you some day. Be careful of the older ones with afflictions as some are fakes. Above all, if you plan to rough it, carry two dollars at all times on your person. This gets you out of the vagrant category.

You can tell your parents that Ocean City is not a den of iniquity, as some newspaper stories make it seem. There are plenty of police and plainclothesmen who see otherwise.

I have given you as much information as I can think of and I hope that it will be of some help at the beach. Don't be surprised to see superman whisk by. He was there during Memorial Day weekend just long enough to demonstrate some of his powers. It's nice to know super guy really does exist; even if he does have a hard time keeping his red undies up.

Once you have gone to Ocean City, you develop a special feeling for it; and no matter how bored you may get, once you cross that bridge on the way home, you can't wait to get back. If you have any questions, or need some information, go to the Information center. Or write me care of this magazine.

*See you in O. C.!*

MONDAY THRU FRIDAY ON CHANNEL 20

## LAUGHS ON US



**DOBIE GILLIS** 7:30 to 8:00 pm.



**MAKE ROOM FOR DADDY** 8:00 to 8:30



**THE HONEYMOONERS**



Mon. — Thur. 8:30 — Friday 10:30

**LOCAL SUPPLEMENT**



# JACK ALIX: TALENT AT FULL SPEED

by Madeleine Havlick

He had his own radio show at the age of nineteen, revived the old craze of the 1920's---the dance marathon, emceed the first Beatles Concert in the U.S., organized Freak-Out, a Psychedelia Show, a Flower Power Show, initiated his own card-carrying fan club, was the first disc-jockey to emcee a Washington National Symphony Concert, and is presently host to WDCA's successful dance-party program, Wing Ding.

His name? Jack Alix. Injected with a shot of Jack's dynamic and energetic personality, the Wing Ding format is alive with weird and way-out happenings.

Each day, top-rated artists and records enhance the program---not to forget the pretty go-go girls. Music, dancing, contests, and games are easily churned into an hour of lively entertainment coordinated by the new host.

Jack projects great things for the Wing Ding Show. With his usual effervescence, "We are going to try new things. We are planning to have a Psychedelic Day, a Soul Day, an Over-18 Day, of course The Band of the Year, and we're even going to have Mock Elections! Aside from this we are spotlighting local teen talent. . ."

Whoa! Jack . . . slow down! This is where we came in.



Groovy Washingtonians think Jack Alix of Wing Ding "really takes the cake"---or is that pie?!



17-year-old Linda Stangohr of Fairfax, Virginia was the winner out of 40,000 entrants in a Wing Ding sponsored Dodge Charger contest.



With Jack Alix is lovely Gail Renshaw, who will compete in Memphis for a part in Elvis Presley's next motion picture. She won the Miss Speedway title in a Wing Ding sponsored contest.



The First Edition, host Jack Alix, share car winner Linda Stangohr's jubilant moment.



Professional dancers in the form of The Village Go-Go Girls (Paula, Carol, and Marlene) chat with J.A. the D.J. during Wing Ding.



Wing Ding's new host, Jack Alix, is also popular with the pre-teens as well as the older ones.



Greg DeGroot, and Wing Ding regular, "syncs his heart out." Wing Ding daily features local talent.



"Now, it's Sock It To Me Time!" with a demonstration in karate given by experts from the Jhoon Rhee school.



DRAMATIC IMPACT AWARD



# readers scene

Dear Ed.:

Your article on the Electric Flag ("The Electric Flag—An American Music Band," June) was superb. What they have done is the result of years of progress in American music. Incidentally, someone told me that Mike Bloomfield is leaving the group. Is this possible?

Greg D.

*Bloomfield is quitting.*

. . . Ed.

Dear Ed.:

Are the Buffalo Springfield still together, or have they broken up?

Shelley R.

*As far as we know they're still together, but we sadly report they were busted in Malibu a few months ago. . . . Ed.*

Dear Ed.:

What do you think of long hair?

(Mrs.) Alma B.

*Why think of long hair? . . . Ed.*

Dear Ed.:

My April issue is permanently folded back to page seven (because of the number of times I've read it) where your article on the Hollies appeared. Though I appreciate it being there, I think it was too short. Could you be persuaded to print a much, much bigger story? Also, a return trip in September was mentioned, and I'd like to know when and where I can find out when they'll be where, or where they'll be when, and anything else you feel like adding.

Dewi H.

*First, yes, we could be persuaded to print a much, much bigger story, but not on the Hollies. Second, to find out when and where they'll be when they'll be when or where, please write to: The*

*Hollies, Epic Records, Public Information Dept., 51 West 52nd St., New York, N.Y. 10019. . . . Ed.*

Dear Ed.:

I have just finished reading the May issue. The article I most enjoyed was the one done by the guest editor, Ellen Green. I feel she did a terrific job, and that every word she said was true.

"Pot" is less harmful than alcohol, and if society realized this they'd be a lot better off. I am a 15-year-old female, and have smoked pot. Of the times I have smoked it with my friends we were never "rowdy." Most of the time we'd talk about the shape society was in. I don't understand what people have against pot. I am not a "hippie" as society knows it. All of my friends and myself come from upper middle class homes.

There is absolutely nothing wrong with pot, and I wish you would thank Ellen Green for me for realizing the facts and trying to make them public. Thank you!

P.S. I know you will probably not print this letter, though I wish you would. Please thank Ellen Green for me. Just tell her it's from her follower!

Me

*I was flattered to receive your enthusiastic letter in regard to my article on marijuana. However, I can see how the content could easily lend itself to some misinterpretation. By condemning alcohol, I don't mean to elevate the "goodness" of pot. Each person does his own thing. But if you're interested in my opinion, my utopia would be a world where people had no need to depend on any artificial stimulants or depressants. People should be able to get high or be relaxed by simply willing it. That's why we have minds.*

Ellen Green

Dear Ed.:

Your May issue was out-a-sight!! My friends and I thought the Manfred Mann story and the article on the Hassles were really groovy. The only thing I thought was a waste of time was the Frank Zappa story (Where Is Frank Zappa). We listen to our local rock and roll station all the time, and, believe me, those d.j.'s know

where it's at!! And they never play any records by the Mothers. What is Zappa saying, anyway? We would rather see more on the Beach Boys and Paul Revere and the Raiders.

Nancy H.

*Where is Nancy H.? . . . Ed.*

Dear Ed.:

My friend and I have had an argument. He says Frank Zappa's beard is real. I say it's painted on. Who is right?

Eli S.

*You lose, Eli. Frank's beard is real. However, his mouth is painted on. . . . Ed.*

Dear Ed.:

Did Bob Dylan write "The Mighty Quinn," and, if so, has he ever recorded it?

Jeff K.

*Yes, Dylan did write it. He also recorded it about two years ago, but the tape was never released. . . . Ed.*

Dear Ed.:

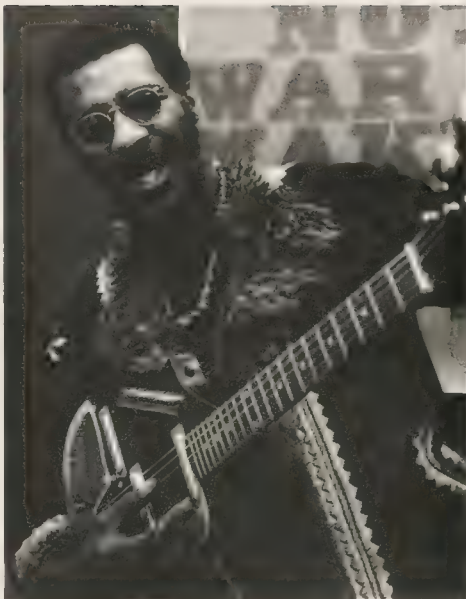
I think your book is the best mag around. I read it all the time. You have many good articles, but there is one article which I feel is long overdue—that is, a story about Tammie Terrell. I've met Tammie and she is really a swell person. She has been quite successful this year, but people listen to her on record and don't even know what she looks like. Tammie is from Philadelphia, and I think Philadelphia should be truly proud of this singer. I hope to see a bio of Tammie soon, and I will still keep on reading your magazine.

Tina D.

Eddie

*Flattery will get you everywhere, Tina and Eddie. Thanks for the compliments. We're working hard to make our magazine better each month, and a pat on the head once in awhile helps. We also think that Tammie is really a swell person, as is her singing partner, Marvin Gaye. You'll be pleased to know that an article is in the proverbial works. . . . Ed.*





# THE EVOLUTION OF RICHIE HAVENS

While revolutionists around the world have been pushing for "instant change," Richie Havens realizes that change usually comes about through evolution, rather than revolution. There is a certain evolution of the mind, and since his Brooklyn boyhood, he has carefully observed the growth of awareness of this entire country. He feels that people, particularly young people, are getting more and more involved, and that fantastic changes are coming about.

Havens himself is not apathetic. Several years ago when he was making his way as a musician he played his guitar in peace demonstrations. But where does the musical evolution of Richie Havens begin? "When I started playing the guitar, it was because of a few people I saw playing guitar in the Village," reflects Havens, "namely Fred Neil and Dino Valente."

Havens sounds a great deal like Neil, and to the unexperienced ear, it is difficult to decide which one of them is singing. But Havens is mostly into his own

style, especially concerning the songs he selects. No one sings Bob Dylan like Bob Dylan, but Havens magically lends a whole new dimension to a Dylan song, such as in "Just Like a Woman." And the Havens dimension is a paradox of complex simplicity (or is it simple complexity?) combining the facets of tenderness ("Inside of Him"), sincerity ("No Opportunity Necessary, No Experience Needed"), and the sadness of one who has seen and felt the bigotry of the human animal ("The Klan").

Havens is just beginning to get really into writing his own songs, and many times he gets his material by hearing other people sing it. But then again, his method is somewhat unique. He often hears songs (that he likes) in very small places. "Other people don't want to do that type of material in large places," Havens says. "For some reason, nobody wants to sing those songs." But Havens adds that the music he plays and sings comes "from way back." It derives from the Hebrew music his grandmother used

to listen to, and from the country western music his mother used to listen to.

Another aspect to Havens' style is that he bars with his thumb, which is somewhat unique. He attributes the style to when he first began to play the guitar: "I didn't know how to tune it, so I used an open tuning." He couldn't bar that way, so he used to lay the guitar in his lap and bar with his thumb.

Havens has mastered his instrument so well that he often plays the guitar and tunes it simultaneously while performing. "That happened to me in the coffee houses in the Village," he muses. "I had to always be on the look out, and not waste time; the only way to make money was to pass the hat." But that was an early stage of the Havens evolution. He is also experimenting with the sitar, which is featured on his second album, *Something Else Again*. And whether it's a Village coffee house, or a San Francisco ballroom, he expertly communicates the tenderness, sincerity, and sadness of his time. ●



# scene sidelines

**PAUL McCARTNEY** and **CILLA BLACK** join forces in the latter's debut on Bell with "Step Inside Love," penned



by the moptop; British lark has been a close friend of the Beatles since their Liverpool days . . . **LOU RAWLS** winds up concert tour of Europe; also



did several TV specials on the Continent . . . R&B version of The Bard's *Othello*, "Catch My Soul" starring **JERRY LEE LEWIS**, concludes six-week run on the coast; initial box office receipts mark good progress . . . artwork on **MANFRED MANN** "Mighty Quinn" album done by well-known S.F. poster



artist Victor Moscoso . . . smashing hard into Miami-area charts, **SPIRIT**'s "Mechanical World" gleans No. 1 honors . . . ABC Records announce signing of jazzman **AHMAD JAMAL** who is reportedly thinking seriously about branching into pop . . . **ANIMALS** Vic



Briggs arranging and conducting for tyro group **YELLOW PAYGES**; Briggs also performs same for the Eric Burdon-led group . . . real, no-kidding moldie-olddie rescued from the old shellac grooves as Columbia releases **ETHEL WATERS** anthology on modern LP pressings, spanning 15 years of American theatre history . . . **BOBBY GOLDSBORO**'s "Honey" smash sweeps past 2,000,000



sales mark as LP featuring the cut climbs to a half million; ditty has also been cut by Goldsboro in German, French and Italian . . . **SLY & FAMILY STONE** draw s.r.o. crowds in N.Y., take off for extensive tour of U.S. winding up this month in L.A. . . . talented musician/composer/arranger and organizer of **BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS**, Al Kooper, joins Columbia Recs as producer and A&R; was selected by Bob Dylan in '65 to join in tour and perform on "Highway 61." Kooper also wrote smash "This Diamond Ring" . . . San Fran's **MOTHER EARTH** rock act pactcd to Merc agreement; sextet features girl voice Tracy Nelson and will wax sometime this month . . . plans now underway for **JIMI HENDRIX**



**EXPERIENCE** to return to U.S. this month or next; trio wound up last state-side gig at N.Y.'s Fillmore East . . . Balladeer **BURL IVES** returns to Columbia Recs doing Dylan's "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" . . . **MIRIAM MAKEBA** cutting special single for U.N.





drive; expected to perform at United Nations anniversary program Dec. 10. . . . **ARCHIE BELL & THE DRELLS** tighten up as disc of that name claims gold record; Houston-born Bell served with Armed Forces in Germany. . . . lengthy U.S. concert tour for **CREAM** apparently works out; group becomes one of all too few "underground" pur-



veyors to glean gold disc. Total sell-outs were reported for all Cream appearances. . . . Epic to release **BILLY J. KRAMER** recordings in U.S.; British songwriter formerly appeared with Beatles on early tours. . . . Cap out with new releases by **NANCY WILSON** and merger of **CANNONBALL ADDER-**



**LEY--SERGIO MENDES**. . . . **JOHNNY CASH** credits Folsom Prison inmates as "the most appreciative and responsive audience" he has ever seen; single of the same name was produced live at the penitentiary **IRON-KNEE DEPT.**: Andy Granatelli, champion race driver who lost his recent court battle with the Amer. Race Drivers Assn., has



been signed by Disney Studios for a role in "The Love Bug." Granatelli will portray the president of the drivers association. . . . latest to sign product contract with VOX Equipment is **JOHN FRED &**




**HIS PLAYBOY BAND**, pictured with Judy in disguise with glasses. . . . Heroic Age P.R. announces the signing of top-draw **CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & HIS MAGIC BAND**, now playing to s.r.o. crowds in England. . . . **JIM & JEAN** single title changed to "Topanga Road," beautiful, haunting melody about a pot party that gets busted. . . . 17-year-old Michele Patrick learns that if you are named Miss American Teenager you get to listen to Don Adams two-way shoe radio. . . . **WHO'S HUNG-UP DEPT.**: Maharishi Mahesh Yogi claims Beatles flunked yoga course; Beatles claim they have better things to do with



their time. . . . **NATRA & Atlantic Recs** "Soul Together Show" show nets 150 grand for Martin Luther King Memorial Fund; event featured Aretha Franklin, Rascals, Sam & Dave, Joe Tex, Sonny & Cher. . . . Frisco-based **QUICK SILVER MESSENGER SERVICE** winds up nationwide tour in that city at Carousel, July 4 thru 7; group recently signed with Capitol. . . . **IN CROWD DEPT.**: 60-year-old hippie **MOTHER HUBBARD** notes, "I always marched to the sound of my own music, and it wasn't until I listened to my kids' friends that I found a group I could groove with." **THAT'S IT FOR THE PORPOISES, JACK**. . . . **LATER.** ●





IS  
TINY  
TIM  
FOR  
REAL?

*Tiny Tim IS for real. It's not your run-of-the-mill garden variety show biz person who will grant you an interview at eleven o'clock in the morning. Tiny Tim met us at the door of his hotel room in New York. "Come in, come in . . ." A big smile, much nodding of the head; but the deference and shuffling from LAUGH-IN and THE TONIGHT SHOW were absent. In a relaxed atmosphere, we realized, he is just a nice Jewish boy from the Bronx who made it to success. His hair drapes about him like seaweed with a permanent wave; his shirt must have at some time been white, and his tie would have been stylish in 1937. His grin is one part slyness to three of unsailable innocence. He is anything but effeminate in person, excluding a youthful piquancy that is both masculine and restrained. He glows. And you sense his ambition in his total recall of places and dates of his past performances.*



Turn Me Down Once More I'll Join The French Foreign Legion" and they said 'Hey, wonderful, sing some more' and my heart said you made it finally; but not even then.

D: Let's start off with some basic biographical facts.

TT: Okay . . . I'm from New York . . . my dear parents have been so sweet to me . . . my real name, believe it or not, is Herbert Corbage. I've been singing here in New York for at least twenty years. Just last night I was passing by the Orpheum Theatre on 86th Street, and I remember being on the stage there in January of 1950. I was going to all these talent shows . . . before that I'd been singing in the subways, in streets, alleys. The police used to chase me off the streets.

D: How old are you?

TT: Ahh . . . I'd love to say, but that's about the only question I'm a little stuck on . . . it's not because I want to be mysterious, but because I love to think young. I really feel about 16 . . . sweet 16 . . .

D: Did you ever do the Ted Mack Amateur Hour?

TT: I tried out for that show at least 10 times. I used to write a letter to him once every two years, going back to at least 1948. About the 8th time I thought I'd made it, about 1958. When I came in there I did a song called "If You

D: Where did you get the name Tiny Tim?

TT: From one of my many managers . . . I used to have this manager, if I made 50 cents, he'd take a quarter. That's the truth. But he used to listen to every song I knew and then try to arrange them in order so the crowd wouldn't get bored. He used to go around in the Village and say 'I got a client here, he's good.' I worked with Bill Cosby and Richie Havens . . . that was in 1963.

I performed at the Cafe Wha in the Village once . . . they fired me . . . that was in 1962 . . . because I did a song called "Nature Boy" in which I got down on the floor and started pounding and hollering . . . well, it was such a wild number and the crowd was so stupefied on hearing it that they thought I was having a fit of epilepsy on the stage. So the club had to let me go.

D: What was the big break that opened up all this success for you?

TT: Well, I would say that Mr. Peter Yarrow, of Peter Paul and Mary, was producing a movie titled "You Are What You Eat" and he created it, and Mr. Barry Feinstein (*Mary's husband—ed.*) did the photography. Back in February of last year Mr. Yarrow came up to me and

said Tiny Tim, you've been singing for years and not getting anywhere,' he said, 'I'm sure I can do things with you,' he said, 'you're not going to get paid for this movie.' And I said, 'Mr. Yarrow, don't even mention it, let's go.' So he's set me in about ten maybe eleven minutes of the film. He took the scenes from the crowds when the Beatles were at Shea Stadium and the crowds were whooping it up and screaming and going crazy. Well, he took all those scenes and cut the Beatles out of them and put me in it. And he had me singing three numbers—"Be My Baby," "I Got You Babe," and "Memphis." Oh . . . and I do "Sonny Boy" on the sound track, but not visually.

Actually, I guess the beginning was when Mr. Mo Ostin of Reprise Records discovered me . . . he came to see me about August of last year (at *Steve Paul's SCENE in New York*, where TT worked for 2 years—ed.). He came in dressed in overalls and I thought he was kidding me because so many people came over just loosely dressed you know, but when his lawyer called up the next day sure enough it was him and the rest is history . . .

D: You seem to have a preference in your performances for songs of a particular era or type of music. How would you characterize it?

TT: I would say that I happen to have a rapport with the old phonograph. It's not just a matter of putting the phonograph needle on the record. Whenever I see an old gramophone and those pre-1930 shellac records . . . why just looking at those old black and gold Victor labels, and those old blue Columbia labels . . . when I wind up the machine and when the record is playing, I actually put my nose to the label, so I can have the scent of it . . . then I put my head down as I watch the sound come out of the record . . . I actually put my head to the phonograph box . . . I mean I really feel I'd like to get in that box. I seem to be like the dog of "His Master's Voice." I really have my ear glued to the set. I copy every word down from both songs, whether I like them or not, because somebody else may like it, you see.

D: Did you always sing in the style that you use now?

(continued next page)





TT: No, no. I had a very deep, legitimate voice and it wasn't until 1953 that I discovered the higher register . . . from an old Rudy Vallee record. You know, he was the first swooner crooner. Mr. Gene Austin was the first crooner and he was great, but Mr. Vallee was the first

swooner. He was a great matinee idol. They roped off Times Square for him . . . all the way around 42nd Street to 43rd . . . Anyway, I said to myself 'I've been singing so straight and yet here's Mr. Vallee who sings so beautifully with such ease, he really is the idol of everyone.' I read a book of his and I learned how easily he sings and I thought I'd try it out. So I went to a high voice and I said, 'Gee, it feels easy and it feels nice. It's a comfortable style.' When I first did it in 1953 in night clubs, it had a fantastic effect. My hair wasn't that long then, but it was the length of Prince Valiant's. But I figured out the hairdo to go with the style.

So with all these legitimate singers getting on the talent shows with real good voices, I came on about second or third and I started doing "You-u-u Are My Su-u-n-shine" in that high voice and they used to go "Oooo . . ." It drew attention alright . . . The "tip-toe" voice is a stage voice. In other words, when they don't know who you are, especially in my case, and I come on with that sort of style, it does something for the average song . . . but afterwards, when I go into the back room of a club and somebody may come up to me and start chatting, then I bring out those songs of the past—Irvig Kaufman's numbers, and Mr. Arthur Fields—and the reaction of

teenagers to this has been fantastic.

Now, on the Carson show, when I did "This Is All I Ask" I was not imitating Mr. Bing Crosby, because he never did that number, but I was trying to feel the Crosby style of the early 30's and anyone got thrilled by it, I'm glad because I wanted them to know how wonderful Mr. Crosby sounded before 1935. If my voice wasn't in just the condition it was in that night, I might never have sung the song in that style. If my voice had been mellowed that night I would have had to use a Colombo style in there. If I had been in tip top condition I never would have gotten that low. I would have sung it more in a Gene Austin style. See, the voice changes not only with every performance, but with every day and I never know exactly how it's going to be from one day to the next.

D: Why these songs and not jazz or folk, for instance?

TT: Well, I love all sorts of music—if I had to sing jazz I would, and I would have the same feeling for blues or folk songs. I know quite a few beautiful folk numbers. But it's so funny about the types of songs from 1880 up to 1935. They seem too have a very, very romantic heart-felt type of music. I mean they just get to the point. They start, begin and end the way I think romance begins and ends. In other words, folksongs are great—they tell a short but fast story. They have maybe ten verses, but the melody is always the same. You can sing one verse and the whole song is over. With blues, the melody is more drowsy . . . and jazz is great but you're always going at a faster pace. But when we fall in love with a beautiful girl, it's not jazzy or fast . . . we don't want it to be fast, we don't want it to be bluesy . . . we want it to be right. And these old ballads start and finish just right, like a romance.

It's more than just a fancy, this kind of romance. I think people today have missed out on the great styles and great voices of those days, and on the spirit of the old 78's and the wind-up machines, and especially stylists like Arthur Fields who, without microphones and without television, captivated audiences. I wish someone would come along one day and just experiment and try to recall what they did back in the 20's . . . just having to use the megaphone for a





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recording, acoustically, rather than electrically.

And the songs of that day, I'd sing this for you but my voice is out of shape today. But take a song like "When You're Alone." The words say: When you're alone/And there's no one to love you . . . /When you're Alone/And there's no one to care . . . /You'll never find/One half so kind/Nor one as willing your troubles to share . . . They sang heart songs to the hearts of romance.

D: What's your musical background?

TT: I don't have any training or anything. I just heard records and music. I used to play the violin years ago but I only took lessons for six months.

D: Why the uke?

TT: I used to play the guitar, but going to all those amateur shows and with the long hair and everything, in the early 50's, things happened; like in one amateur place I went to they got me on the street and while I was playing the guitar somebody was turning the pegs and all the strings busted. So I learned my lesson and said "I'll try a ukelele." First of all, it's easy to carry and lighter to play.

D: Do you have any comments on *camp*, which some people say you are an example of?

TT: People can say what they want and I'd want them to because everyone has opinions. I can honestly tell you that I mean everything I say and feel everything I do.

I would like to tell you about Mr. Bob Dylan . . . I hope the tape doesn't run out . . . I hope you don't mind my talking this much.

D: It's marvelous. Please go ahead.

TT: Thank you, you're so patient and wonderful. This doesn't happen too often.

D: That's because we're digging it.

TT: Well, after Mr. Yarrow's movie, Mr. Bob Dylan called me up to ask me to come over to his house. I had the pleasure of being in his house for two days . . . a beautiful 26 room house . . . I told Mr. Dylan how he himself has the

greatest originality of a single song writer that I've heard in years. I mean the way he writes his poetry. I think he created a new style of writing poetry. You know, melody makes a hit. It doesn't matter whether it's a song like "Happy Together" which was a big rock and roll hit, or one like "Mother in Law" or a song like "I Love You Truly." All hits . . . all hits that we remember have great melody, and if you take a look at "Like A Rolling Stone," or "Rainy Day Woman" and songs like "It Ain't Me Babe," all of them have beautiful, sweet melody. I said to Mr. Dylan that he is basically what Mr. Vallee was in 1928. His singing voice is so relaxing and romantic in a folk way. And then at Mr. Dylan's house I sang like Mr. Vallee in 1928 and then if he were in his heyday today doing Mr. Dylan's "Rolling Stone," and then I did Mr. Dylan doing "My Time Is Your Time" as if in 1928.

D: It must have been wild

TT: When Mr. Dylan heard it he went to bed. He said, "That's enough!" And he was right. There's a great song he wrote called "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight." What a song! I hope to be doing that. That is a great number. That is a *great* number.

D: Do you think you'll record it?

TT: I'd say there's a very good chance.

D: As a final question—how would you sum up your philosophy of life? The two-thousand-year-old man (Mel Brooks) says to people that if we'd all learn to play the violin, we'd be bigger and better than Mantovani. What would *you* say to people?

TT: Let me show you some of the girls' pictures that I carry. Without mentioning any names . . . here's a picture of a beautiful 17-year-old girl, model, actress, singer I now know. Now I'll tell you . . . if you . . . or myself . . . can have the spiritual happiness . . . and the spiritual possession of something like this . . . You can be a millionaire, you can be wealthy, you can be successful, with all the fame in the world; but I say the greatest happiness lies, and this is the truth, in possessing something like this in youth, in righteousness, and in Paradise forever. In other words—I want to make myself clear—the greatest philosophy in life is to always be romantically attached to someone and let the rest of the world go by.

D: That's a very eloquent statement to close with.

TT: Thank you, thank you. ●



# 'r' and 'b' scene



## BRENTON WOOD

Dressed in the latest Carnaby Street clothes purchased in London, the handsome 26-year-old Brenton Wood recalled a difficult decision he had to make a year ago when his first hit "Oogum Boogum" started to move upward. At the time he was working nights as a die-cutter at an aluminum factory in Los Angeles.

His record producers were encouraging him to quit his job at the plant to devote full-time to show business. "I had a certain amount of security in my trade," he said, "but I finally decided to gamble and leave."

It was a good move. His record sales soared and soared. Guest appearances followed on some of the leading TV shows. Night-club and theatre owners avidly sought his name value and showmanship. Finally, in less than a year of recording, agents booked him on a frantic but successful four-week tour of top European cities.

Born on July 26, 1941 in Shreveport, La., he moved with his family to Los Angeles at the age of two. One of five boys and six girls, Brenton excelled in sports at Compton (Calif.) high school and Compton Junior College. In high school, he ran the 100-yard dash in 9.5 seconds.

From as early as he can remember, "I've always had a desire to sing." Although influenced by the late greats---Sam Cooke and Jesse Belvin---he nonetheless developed his own bag of soul. ●



## TROY KEYS

Troy grew up in a religious atmosphere in New York City, where his vocal talents first turned to gospel songs. His potential was such that he enrolled in voice training, concentrating for the most part on classical compositions. Reaching his teens, young Troy's musical interests followed the same path as most teenagers, and rhythm & blues and rock & roll intrigued him. He formed his own group, entered a local talent contest in Brooklyn, was voted the winner and made a recording as the result, but due to circumstances the record was never released.

Troy sang with several other rhythm & blues groups while still a teenager, but his career never seemed to get that one lucky break. Although his "Que Sera, Sera" record was a big boost to Troy's career, things ground to a standstill and he joined the Army.

Following his release from service, Troy discovered that the entire music picture had changed with new kinds of sounds and a new concept in lyrics accounting for the top hits. Troy felt that music was all he wanted, however, and eventually came up with the right song and the right sound---"Love Explosion," Troy's first hit for ABC Records. ●

# Volume 3 History of Rhythm & BluesRock & Roll 1956-57

Today, soul music enjoys tremendous popularity everywhere--- in the United States, Europe, Africa and even in the Far East. Soul singers and soul songs are acclaimed throughout the world. Like any other form of pop music, soul music did not reach its present state of acceptance overnight. For several decades, soul music, under the name of "blues" and later "rhythm & blues," has enjoyed popularity among blues fans. Rarely played by pop stations, it was exposed strongly on R&B stations in the United States and has had, over the years, a loyal and devoted following. This album, and the other albums in the "History of Rhythm & Blues" series, contain many of the outstanding recording from the R&B era from 1947 to 1960. Today's soul music sprang from these roots.

During the period of 1956-57, Rock & Roll became the big new trend. The roots came from Rhythm & Blues, and the popular acceptance of R&B helped spur the growth of Rock & Roll. You will find many Rhythm & Blues hits that went pop in this third volume of Atlantic's History of Rhythm & Blues" series.

Early in 1956, Atlantic Records acquired Spark Records of Los Angeles. The producing-writing talents of Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller and a group called *The Robins* were the firm's principal assets. The Robins took on a new name and as *The Coasters* sold millions of records. An early Robins release, *Smokey Joe's Cafe* (Atco 6059) is included here.

One of *The Clovers'* all time best sellers, *Devil or Angel* (Atlantic 1083), was released in February 1956. This same song was revived in the early 1960's by pop singer Bobby Vee. (After this release, the Atlantic label changed its colors from yellow and black to red and black.) March 31 of that same year, 1956, brought Joe Turner's *Corrine, Corrina* (Atlantic 1088) and *The Drifter's Ruby Baby* (Atlantic 1089). These songs are still being recorded today. Ray Peterson had a best seller with *Corrine, Corrina*. Dion made his Columbia debut with his million-selling version of *Ruby Baby*. Needless to say, the originals sound considerably different from their revivals.

On April 30, 1956, Clyde McPhatter left the armed forces to

record one of his most important single efforts. It was the unforgettable *Treasure of Love* (Atlantic 1092). Ivory Joe Hunter had a smash released on October 26 of that same year. His contribution was *Since I Met You Baby*, on Atlantic 1111. On November 2, Atlantic released La Vern Baker's *Jim Dandy* (Atlantic 116) and made it an R&B smash. Georgia Gibbs recorded the pop version of the La Vern Baker hit.

It was during these years that Elvis Presley's records used country musicians to expound the country-blues sound which later became known as Rock & Roll or rock-a-billy. This made it considerably easier for Rhythm & Blues records to attain popular acceptance.

In 1957, January 11 to be exact, *Fools Fall in Love* was released with *The Drifters* (Atlantic 1123). Not only was this record a smash hit, but it started the long chain of hits by composers Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller. If this particular tune sounds familiar to your ears, perhaps it is because Elvis Presley recorded it a few months ago. On February 15, 1957, *The Coasters* came up with two "number one" items in *Searchin'* and *Young Blood* (Atco 6087). March 8 brought Chuck Willis' *C. C. Rider* (Atlantic 1130). Gene "Daddy G." Barge is the man on tenor sax with the break that is now a Rhythm & Blues classic.

April 5 was the release date for Clyde McPhatter and *Just To Hold My Hand* (Atlantic 1133). On August 5, Clyde covered Lee Andrews & The Hearts with *Long Lonely Nights* on Atlantic 1149. This was acknowledged as one of the fastest covers in the history of the record industry. On September 13 of 1957, *The Clovers* had one of their last successful Atlantic recordings, *Down in The Alley* (Atlantic 1152).

Quite a change is heard from *Smokey Joe's Cafe* to *Down in The Alley*. By 1957, records were sounding more professional; the material more meaningful. The sound now included "The Big Beat" which is the title of Volume IV in Atlantic's "History of Rhythm & Blues" series. ●

**JONNY MEADOW**  
Vault Research  
ATLANTIC RECORDS



Joe adjusting his Soul King No. 1 robe.

# SOUL KING CHAMPIONSHIP



The guantlet was thrown and the challenge accepted. In one corner, the knock-out gladiator of the bayou: Joe Tex. In the other, Mr. Dynamite: James Brown. The arena: Atlanta Georgia's Civic Auditorium. The purse was big—the winner of the bout would lay claim to the title of "Soul King No. 1."

Joe, a Baton Rouge, La. resident, was so confident of his ability to deliver the knock-out blow, that he had challenged Brown to do battle in Brown's home state of Georgia. Brown led the first round with many of his well-known hits, but midway through the first set announced that he did not think there should be a battle. Tex counter attacked with, "A battle it must be and my challenge stands."

As the smoke cleared after the first bout, the crowd was on its feet. The applause meter indicated a slight edge for Joe Tex. Into the second round, the audience grew tense—the sounds flew thick and fast. Both men returned to their corners and the meter reading was scored. Waves of applause crashed and

echoed through the packed auditorium—the contest stood at a tie.

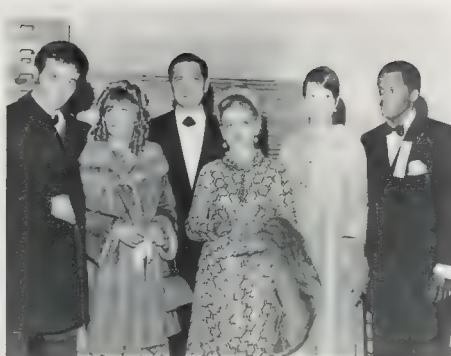
Quickly, some of the nation's top jocks were pressed into service and the unwearied performers plunged into the fray anew. The sounds of battle rang long and loud—wild wailing ricocheted round the room. The tide of battle ebbed and the jock judges huddled in conference.

A hushed crowd awaited the decision. James Brown was acclaimed great, as usual—but the crown of "Soul King No. 1" was laid upon the brow of the champion, Joe Tex.

Fabulous offers to do battle in the major cities of America have been offered to both performers. Promoters are trying to get a rematch in Houston's Astrodome, San Francisco's Cow Palace and the L.S.U. Coliseum, to name but a few. The decision on future bouts lies with Brown; flying high above the clouds in his personal jet, he has not as yet been available for comment. If James issues a challenge, acceptance has been promised by Joe Tex—*Soul King No. 1.* ●



*Tex Ritter, world famous movie western star and member of the NARAS Board of Governors, congratulates Joe on his magnificent performance. Tex is surrounded by three of his associates.*



*(L. to R.): Roger Miller-television star and recording artist; Skeeter Davis, recording artist; W.D. (Buddy) Killen, President of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences and Vice President of Tree Publishing Company; Mrs. Sue Killen; Mrs. Joe Tex and Joe.*



*Joe Tex with good friend and television star, Roger Miller.*



*James Brown (Mr. Dynamite) congratulating Joe Tex after Joe received the Soul King No. 1 title.*



The long-awaited results of the Hit Parade Popularity Poll of 1958 have just been made available to the public.

As everyone expected, Frank Zappa won in a landslide for Best-dressed Rock Musician. (A consolation prize of two tickets to "Hair" was awarded Jimi Hendrix.) Head Mother Zappa again was far out front stealing the Best Mustache award and was presented with the Nostalgic Greaser plaque (American History category which covers vaseline hair tonic, belt buckle on hip, fourteen inch pegs, and harmonizing in the men's room). Possession of this award entitles Zappa to use the designation "Teenage Werewolf Most Likely to Succeed" on all his correspondence.

In taking 10 years to tabulate the two million six hundred seventy eight ballots the judges feel that there can be no question of accuracy or cause for cries of "unfair," "Phooey," "gloriosky" or even "Godfrey Daniel," for the past decade they have counted, recounted, checked and rechecked their figures. When they ran out of fingers and toes they resorted to the abacus and IBM machine. These, indeed, are men to be reckoned with.

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This is the third in a series of articles dealing with Frank Zappa--head mother of the Mothers of Invention. The series, generally, will present some of Zappa's thoughts about various subjects, including kids, politics, music and today's society. In so doing, the reader may get some insight as to where Frank Zappa is at---if that is at all possible.

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Sally Kempton, writing in *The Village Voice*, (Jan. 11, 1968), comments that "he has appeared on television speaking in well-rounded periods about music and society and *The Scene*, all the while emanating a kind of inspired freakishness. Zappa's is the sort of irony which arises from an immense self-consciousness, a distrust of one's own seriousness. It is the most modernist of defense mechanisms, and Zappa is an almost prototypically modernist figure; there are moments when he seems to be living out a parody of the contemporary sensibility."

.....

# WHERE IS FRANK ZAPPA?

## Part Three



Us: In our last interview, you said you felt "unpleasantly perceptive." What did you mean by that?

Frank: Well, it's not always pleasant to be perceptive. A lot of people say: "Ah! Perception! Then you can look at things and see them as they really are." But, boy, that gets to be really depressing sometimes. Sometimes you've just got to sit there and keep your mouth shut because you can't do anything about it. It's a pain, sometimes, to know where people and things are really at. I think that if most of the people who claim they have increased their perception from the use of drugs really had, they'd be in such dire misery right now, that they couldn't stand it. They'd either be so miserable that they'd commit suicide, or they'd be out there doing some-

thing about their environment. That's why I tend to doubt the worth of people who say, "Yes, I know chemically where it's at." Because they don't. But it's nice to pretend, isn't it? I won't say it's really awful. I'll just say that drugs are equivalent to the alcoholic scene. I wish people would admit it. It's not that good, it's not that bad. But, it's not for me. I just don't want to have anything to do with it. This society is constructed in such a way that there is really a need for some sort of anesthesia. I would suggest that, if possible, drugs be invented that are even stronger. Really. If you want to waste your mind, really go out of your gourd. What you really need is something to cool you out and will allow you to continue your normal function in society. The main thing that annoys me about drug users is that the main thing they always talk about is the results of their chemical experimentation, or how stoned they are. They'll either say, "Boy, I'm so wasted right now," or an equivalent. Or, they'll talk about the last time they were wasted, or how wasted they will be when they get a connection this weekend.

Us: Did you see the Strawberry Alarm Clock's movie, "Psych Out?"

Frank: No, I don't go to the movies.

Us: We think Tim Leary did something for the movie.

Frank: Great, great. What a star!

Us: Do you dislike Leary?

Frank: I don't deny the man's right to speak. He should speak every place. But what I resent is the fact that the reasons why people will try to stop him from speaking tend to reinforce his cause. It's



almost like a stamp of approval when the Establishment tries so hard to shut him out. The young people automatically, being non-Establishment oriented, will go along with what he says if somebody tries to shut him up.

**Us:** What kind of response was there when you appeared on the Alan Burke Show?

**Frank:** Well, on the show I talked to Alan Burke for a few minutes. I'd never seen his program before I went on. He asked me if I knew anything about his show, and I said no. Then he said, "Did anybody ever tell you anything about my show?" I said "Not much." He said, "Come on, now. Honestly, what did they say?" I said, "Well, you're rude and you persecute your guests." And he said, "Well, that's not exactly true." Then there was a little bit more chit chat, and then he said he'd see me upstairs and we'd do the show. I didn't know what to think of the guy. So we went up. They had a little audience warm-up, had a couple of people up there babbling about whatever they babble on that show. It's all stupidity. It's a bunch of people who like to be put down. There were masochistic tendencies reeking all over the place. They stand up at this little podium and they speak their piece. I'm sure they know deep down in their hearts that each one is just really an idiot, and they expect that this guy with a beard is going to tell them to flake off. He's very forceful, and they all go "OH!! He made me shut up! Wonderful! That hasn't happened to me in a long time!" They eat it up on that level.

**Us:** Like Groucho Marx?



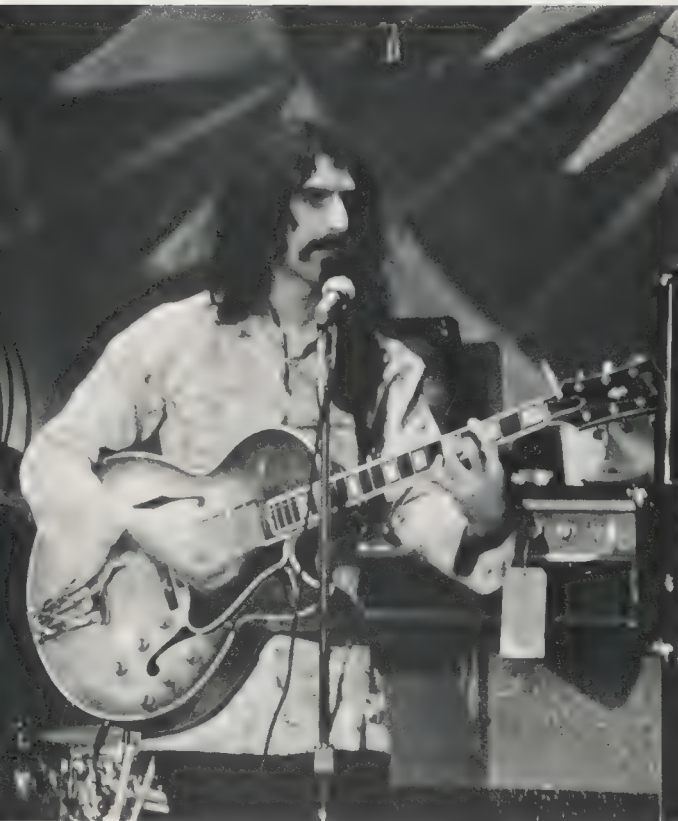
**Frank:** No, it's not like that. Groucho is a little bit more humorous. Burke is pretty perceptive, considering the type of show he runs. Anyhow, they did a few of those. One guy was talking about America as a nation of racists, and this other guy got up and talked about smut available to young people in department stores, and the Kama Sutra is even being sold at Macy's. He was outraged. Dumbness! Finally I got up there and sat down in the chair. Before the cameras were turned on I said: "Boy, I don't even believe how hard it must be for you to understand what these people are saying, let alone answer them back intelligently." He started laughing. I knew he had some kind of a Service record, and I said: "Boy, the only way you could possibly be able to decipher what they're saying is you must have been in the Signal Corps." He laughed, and about two minutes later we started the show. He was very nice to me. Then this girl from New Jersey came up and started attacking me and the music and every-

thing on sort of a superficial level. She was just one of these unfortunate people who just didn't know any better, but she was up there to show off. You know. Like: "I'm on television, and I'm a young person speaking my mind. Maybe my father belongs to the John Birch Society, and I'll impress him, and status of the masses. Therefore, I will talk." So she was waiting away, and the most amazing thing happened. He started defending me against her. It must have gone on about ten minutes. He was really ranking this chick. I just let it go.

**Us:** Who was she?

**Frank:** Just a girl. They probably brought her down, though. The Burke Show, the way it operates, aside from what you see on television, they have these people. A woman and a couple of men that are prodding the audience in the background: "Are you going to let him say that? Get up and say something!" They're throwing these people up there; they're inciting them to do all sorts of things. Really trying to get them ticked off. It's a whole rabble rousing scene they've got going on behind the cameras. And also, I found out that there was this guy who represented the American Symphony Orchestra, and some kids from a group called The Elephant's Memory, who were brought down there by the show to add color and all. It looked like a very phony put-up job, so I just sat there and watched it all happen. Then after that blew over, they showed a piece of this film we're making, and played "What's the Ugliest Part of Your Body" (from the album,

*(continued next page)*



*"We're Only in It for the Money"*

... (Ed.). We had a little chit chat about politics, and that was it.

**Us:** Do you like country music at all?

**Frank:** I like bluegrass and Appalachian modal music. Just as underground might be, could be, (if you stretched your imagination) the voice of American youth, country music, seems to me, to be the voice of the right wing; frighteningly mentally unhealthy America. People who are living a hard life, like "Boy, I've got it rough," groove with country music because those songs talk about their hard lives, and they can identify with that music. They don't want to hear about love. They want to hear about "my life as a victim of fate." And that's

what that music appeals to.

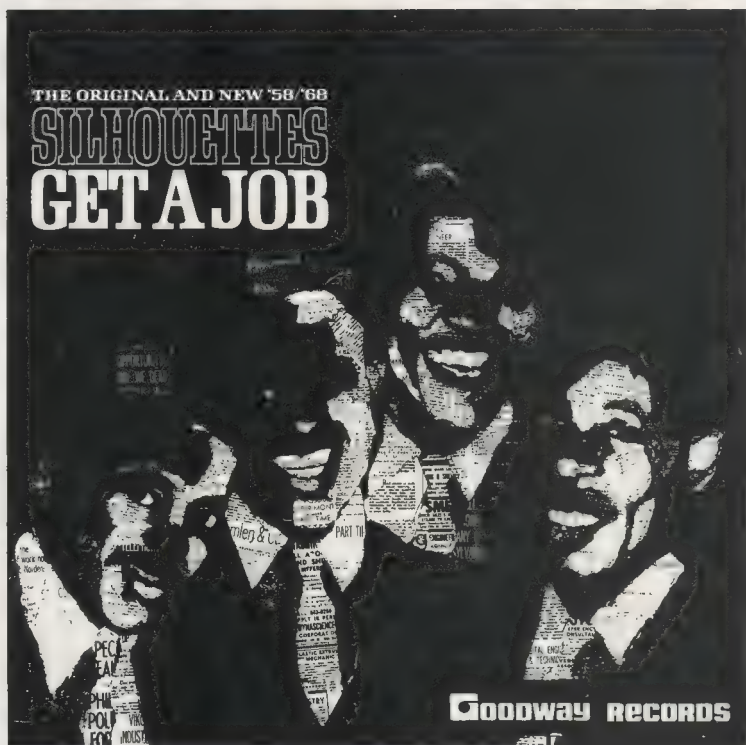
**Us:** We spoke to Mike Bloomfield, lead guitarist for the Electric Flag, and he said country music reflected the real, hard core America.

**Frank:** If you'd like to think of America in that way, as unchanging or unchangeable, then country music is the voice of that sort of America. Maybe it's necessary that those people be serviced with that sort of music to give them enough stamina to withstand being a truck driver. Unless you really love driving a truck, it would get to be pretty rotten, I imagine. If you have some music to help cheer you up while you're driving that truck, the job is more tolerable. I like bluegrass because of the technical profi-

ciency it takes to play it.

We attended a recording scene in Nashville, and Buck Owens, wow, that guy. He and his friends. They get drunk and drive 200 mph down the street: "Can you hit that mail box?" "Sure I can hit that mail box." Wrap the car around it in the middle of winter, and have to walk 60 miles to the next town. They're just insane. Like there was one of those country stars who died in a plane crash. This one guy had his own private plane, and he was flying over the home of one of his friends. "Oh, I'm going to give that sucker a start!" He wanted to buzz the guy's house, and he crashed his plane. Then they all follow in their daddy's footsteps. •

# Goodway



# RECORDS



# pop bag

by Shel Kagan

There are two songs you can use to judge groups. "Satisfaction" is one of them. After you've heard Mick Jagger's version and Otis Redding's, you can tell how much a group is into its material by the way they handle it. I listened once to a trio of 17-year olds in Decatur, Illinois do it, and it was heartbreaking. Not that I'm knocking beginners. A lot of us begin by imitation ---the Beatles' "Roll Over Beethoven"---but "Satisfaction" is a kind of touchstone of the art. A group without soul can mess it up really badly.

The other number you can use is Dino Valenti's "Get Together" which has been mauled on record by two groups that, to be fair, I won't mention. But one good version is by THE YOUNGBLOODS (RCA 3724) and by far the best is 3'S A CROWD (Dunhill 50030).

A Canadian sextet discovered by Mama Cass, 3'S A CROWD avoids the worst indulgences of all the bags we've come to know so well: psychedelic, folk-rock, raga rock and so forth. They are somewhere between the Byrds and The Airplane but they imitate neither. They play good, solid, clean rock. They are professionals, which means the listener attends with the sure sense that these people know exactly why one note is to follow another. They have a direction and a distinctive sound. With so much automated unannounced FM rock around these days, it helps to be able to identify a group by its style, so you don't have to call the radio station to ask what they were playing at precisely 4:26 yesterday afternoon. The CROWD's album wasn't out when POP BAG did "The Girls of Rock" or I would have included Donna Warner. She is one of the reasons why "Get Together" is so successful, although lead guitarist Trevor Veitch and bassist Ken Koblun---formerly with the Buffalo Springfield---contribute no less.

Opening with a series of bell-tolling chords, the song proceeds to build one of those massive and tightly woven structures so reminiscent of the Byrds' "Chimes of Freedom." Koblun does little runs up and down behind the last repeated phrase "right now . . . right now . . ." Equally impressive is "Bird Without Wings" which again gives flight to Donna's alto. It's an exciting album, with hardly a dull or boring track.

The ABC/Dunhill complex has come along with quite a few highly polished aggregations, unlike some other companies who have been dumping groups on the public, while their poor promotion men run around trying to justify something that isn't there to start with. But INFLUENCE (ABC 630) is still another continuously entertaining group. They are not, apparently, ashamed to have it made clear that they owe their creative ideas to other groups, as witness their name (you'll find some more comment on this phenomenon further down here). The idol is Frank Zappa, and I'd say about three-quarters of their

material sounds Zappa-inspired. The wit isn't quite as strong, but this is not a blameful thing. The musical ideas, abrupt shifts of tempo and mood, the insertion of 50's style rock, are mostly derived from "Absolutely Free" and INFLUENCE has its own way with it. And for the same reason I pointed out above, I would recommend them. Because, for some mysterious reason, you can still tell that this is INFLUENCE and not the Mothers

BLOOD SWEAT AND TEARS (Columbia 9619) represents one of those maverick combinations that self-styled experts put down until the experiment becomes part of the mainstream, whereupon a lot of Monday morning quarterbacks show up with hindsight rationalizing. I've had people tell me they knew all along that the Beatles would become . . . what they've become. Well, I, for one, wouldn't have guessed that in a million years. I doubt if these "experts" would have either. Which is why it's fun to watch the field develop.

Granted that Paul Butterfield (Elektra 74015 THE RESURRECTION OF PIGBOY CRABSHAW) and Mike Bloomfield (Columbia 9597 THE ELECTRIC FLAG) also have augmented aggregations, BS&T are, if not the first, at least the best integrated. And what's being integrated is a horn section and a standard rock band. The superimposition of trumpets and sax turn a contemporary rock group back 30 years to the swing era of Benny Goodman and Harry James. The title of the BS&T

## 3's A Crowd



album, "The Child Is Father To The Man," indicates their affinity for the recent musical past.

(Parenthetically, it should be noted that Mike Nesmith's very large rock orchestra, THE WICHITA TRAIN WHISTLE, has just signed with Dot Records.)

In some instances, on the *BS&T* album, the horn choir is little more than tagged on someplace in a number, but listening more than one time will reveal how neatly the tagging has been done. In Tim Buckley's "Morning Glory" the bracketing measures sound like Aaron Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man," each statement functioning as effective contrast with the funky rock center. An integrated sound is also present on "Just One Smile" the old Gene Pitney favorite, here delivered by the horns with magnificent punch. I spoke briefly some time ago with Al Kooper, who conceived the group and who does all the arrangements. Kooper, whose organ playing provides the solid mahogany-floor quality for the other personnel on Dylan's "Blonde On Blonde," is really trying to get a totally new sound. All members of the band, he feels, must work together as a unit. There is no question that such a thing is taking place, because the sound is so *tight*.

The album as concise drama was established by "Sgt. Pepper." Various attempts in this vein---Chad & Jeremy, The Stones, Simon Simopath---have been more or less successful. One of the best is APPLETREE THEATRE (*Verve 3042*) which consists of the Boylan brothers, John & Terence. Their "plot" consists of a series of loosely organized incidents---a visit to

Louise's house, to a museum, and some odd assorted commentaries on life: "The Sorry State of Staying Awake" which could, I think, become an underground classic if enough courageous (meaning imaginative) disc jockeys would program it. A truck driver, plying through a night run, flips his radio across all of the types of American music, coming back to country & western after passing by rock, semi-classical, soul and a terribly important newscast which is crudely cut off by the driver just as the significant part is about to be spoken. It's a vignette worthy of a serious Jonathan Winters. It ends with the driver's buddy listing for him all the pills and stimulants they have available in the cab of the truck: he endlessly drones: "biphetamines, hexachlorophene, benzedrine, sternol, a pint of Thunderbird, acetylsalicylic acid . . ." A marvelous piece of Americana that shouldn't go unnoticed.

Not quite as kaleidoscopic, but in its own way worthwhile, is MORTIMER (*Philips 600-267*). A group of three young men halfway between early Beatles and Chad & Jeremy, with perhaps a bit of Herman the Hermit thrown in. Utilizing just enough 12-string guitar and just enough raga sound to be fashionable but not imitative, the ten tracks on the album make pleasant listening. It's possible that Mercury/Philips now knows that the "psychedelic" school is obsolete (don't follow leaders, watch the parking meters) because the MORTIMER sound is the kind of good, solid folk-rock sound that has guaranteed the Byrds virtual immortality. It needs a little more seasoning to reach full maturity, but the start is an auspicious one.

### **Steppenwolf**



### **Blood, Sweat & Tears**



Go and get the new TRAFFIC album (*United Artists 6651*) which is the group that Stevie Winwood started after he left Spencer Davis. Okay, now that you've got it, skip the first cut and go right to "Dealer" which is TRAFFIC's "Eleanor Rigby." Track 3, "Colored Rain," precisely duplicates the vocal and orchestral sound of Procol Harum. But as I've said before in this column, such cross-pollination should not be a cause for alarm. It's an incestuous business. People drop in on other people's recording sessions: Paul McCartney is supposed to be doing the whispering on "Mellow Yellow" and everybody is showing up hidden in the trees on somebody else's album cover. So TRAFFIC's "No Face, No Name and No Number" is pure "Satanic Majesty." Good. For that matter, musical bits and pieces from one place on this album keep popping up on other tracks, and in between tracks. It's simply that categories, territories and priorities and traditional ways of doing things are all breaking down.

But you knew that, didn't you?

On "Heaven is in Your Mind" there is a sax line in the introductory passage which is recorded on a depressed track--at a lower level so it appears to be less audible. Not distant, just softer, under the drums, piano and vocal. The effect produced is an eerie kind of nostalgia in reverse. That is, not for the past, but for the future. I can't explain it beyond that. You'll have to hear it for yourself. But it strikes me the same way Lennon's highly filtered vocal does in "Tomorrow Never Knows."

There are a couple of other good sleeper albums out these days. Two groups on Tower, THE CHOCOLATE WATCH BAND (75106) and THE SMOKE (75912). Unfortunately the company gives no information on the back of the jacket, so I can't say anything about who these people are. But they are good. The WATCH BAND is semi-hard rock and their first album (75096) has an exceptionally competent version of "In The Midnight Hour." THE SMOKE is very soft rock with no musical clinches and interesting lyrics throughout.

Some of the cleanest guitar work around is on STEPPENWOLF (*Dunhill 50029*). They manage a flowing kind of hard rock sound that washes over you in waves, *Not*, to be sure, anywhere near "psychedelic." Lyrics are simple but unhackneyed: "Don't take that old road, it leads to nowhere . . . just how long will it take to have it all rearranged . . ." There's a salute to Chuck Berry in "Berry Rides Again" which works both as parody and as really groovy early rock and finally, a contribution---inevitable---to social commentary on the squares, called "The Ostrich" which takes some digs at the contemporary scene and ends with a Zappa-like electronic montage.

*Promises, promises:* The new Mamas & Papas just arrived and POP BAG will issue a status report shortly, as well as interim memos on Moby Grape, Dave Van Ronk, Jim Webb (via Richard Harris), Joni Mitchell, the whole RCA bag and a whole piece on Underground Comedy which I guarantee you'll never hear on the radio. Stay tuned. ●

## Influence



## Mortimer





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# jazz scene



by DAVE SEGAL

The more one writes and speaks about jazz as an identifiable classification of music, the more one realizes the meaninglessness of the term, the uselessness of the separation from the rest of contemporary music, and the undesirability of the attempt. The blending that has occurred, especially in the last two or so years, in the earlier, more easily determined forms (i.e., rock, folk, the comically-apologetically termed "serious" contemporary, and popular music), has to a large extent resulted in just a central, popular music. In any particular song, one might find characteristics of rock or folk or any of the other forms, but in many of the other aspects he will be confronted with less sure categorizations. For example, the Jimi Hendrix Experience is generally considered a rock group, but the listener can also discern in many of their recordings (1) rhythm and blues picking, (2) jazz rhythmic frames and guitar voicings, and (3) rock thematic and contextual material. Again, Gabor Szabo is one of the most respected jazz guitarists today and yet he often incorporates a rock rhythm and popular text.

The reasons for the confluence of these streams have elsewhere been minutely analyzed and debated, but I ascribe as primary the maturation of rock and folk musicians and composers in their endeavor to take their music seriously. This coming of age in musicianship has today come from experience, education and an awareness of the rich musical culture from which their music springs. The result has, in turn, earned the respect of jazz musicians and composers, and popular composers (Roland Kirk, on being recognized at a rock-and-roll show was asked to account for this attendance. His smiling reply—"Stealin'") and the acceptance of their contributions as legitimate. Rock and jazz, of

FRANKLIN



course, share a common heritage with all blues forms, and the ascendancy of the contemporary music has also been joined by a return to Mother Blues via soul music and the incorporation of a gospel approach to secular themes. This last is the hunting ground of James Brown, Aretha Franklin, the Staple Singers, and the Temptations. Surprisingly enough, Cannonball Adderley has been moving into this area with Joe Zawinul's *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, Walk Tall*, (see also Joe's own album, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Stream*, Vortex, 2002) and Nat Adderley's *Work Song* and *Oh Babe*.

At any rate, I am finding it difficult

to write about jazz as a particular idiom divorced from the other music with which I "agree" or can relate, and so without changing the name of this column ("Meaningful Music" really doesn't sound like a decent title) I shall also write about contemporary music which may bear the popular appellation of rock, soul, gospel, etc. Besides, my aim in this column is to speak of music as such, drawing illustrations from real life, and so I am merely broadening the universe of music from which I shall select those examples. And so . . .

Lately I have been listening to the soul music of Aretha Franklin (*Dr. Feelgood*, Atlantic 8139; *Think*,



Atlantic 2518) and James Brown (*Papa's Got a Brand New Bag*, King) almost to the exclusion of all else. This may be limiting my perspective at the moment, but for a real investigation into the rhythmic and harmonic structure of blues as it appears today, I feel the above are essential.

James Brown, especially, has shown an appreciation of the value of rhythm by setting up highly syncopated brass, overlaid on drum/bass and guitar figures, all three separately conceived and each self-sufficient enough to support his vocal improvisations. Yet they are co-ordinated so strictly and with such discipline that they form a rhythmic fugue. This effect can be

analyzed most easily by considering each part as percussion only, disregarding the tonal and harmonic aspects. To verbalize these effects, consider a four bar segment of *Papa's Got a Brand New Bag*. These four bars are in turn subdivided into four parts (beats), and the beats are further subdivided into infinitely small sub-beats (imagine them as dots so close together as to almost form a line). By darkening some of the dots in a regular pattern repeated every four, eight, or sixteen beats, one can establish where each note (remember, this is as if it were percussion, not a tonal scale) will fall for each division of the band. Doing this exercise for each division

will show the listener the patterns of the composition and their relation to each other. The number of permutations of patterns possible to construct will indicate the variety of arrangements available for any particular song. Adding to this the harmonies and melodies of the tune and, of course, James' own astonishing vocal improvisations, the result is a study in soul.

Aretha Franklin's music, like James Brown's, begins from a rhythmic structure, although her choice of vehicles also includes background voices and piano (generally her own). However, she also retains much more of the gospel quality in her music by using the vocals as a device for answering or repeating her own voice much like the early work shouts that were first used by slaves in the cotton fields and which later became the basis for the A-A-B pattern in Negro music and blues. The sound is exciting, the listener becomes a participant by feeling, perhaps dancing or jiggling to the accents, and again rhythm shows its true force in modern music.

In the more sophisticated world of Gill Evans and Don Ellis, rhythm is being given a more central role. See Evans' *Las Vegas Tango* (Verve 8555) and Ellis' *332221222* (Pacific Jazz 10112) (read one-two-three-one-two-three-one-two-one-two-one-two-one-two, accenting the ones) for the first two examples to come to mind; but very often the role of rhythm is relegated to dance band boom-chik. I suppose that Dave Brubeck started all the interest in tempos other than 3/4 and 4/4, but these latter haven't really seen significant treatment except in soul music.

So, in the future, ladies and gentlemen, if you would please consult your drummer . . . ●



# NEXT MONTH



watch for  
**QUICKSILVER MESSENGER SERVICE**

Since classical music has had such a great influence on the course of contemporary sound (see POP BAG last month) it occurred to us that a column regularly reviewing classical records would be a benefit to readers. **CLASSICAL GROOVE** begins this month with a survey of musical eras, terms and composers. Subsequent issues will noodle around, primarily with topics like electronic music, great conductors and newly discovered composers, and how to build a library of budget-line recordings. Reader comment, opinionated or otherwise, is welcome.

The first music was undoubtedly some caveman banging on a rock with another rock (the beginning of rock music?). Rhythm was probably first, then melody as consecutive variation in pitch was discovered. The other element that distinguishes the music of Western civilization from other cultures is harmony. Oriental music, as exemplified by a Ravi Shankar *raga*, consists entirely of melody. Harmonic patterns, on the other

## TURNABOUT.

A list of the rock groups drawing from classical sources is formidable: The Beatles, Stones, Left Banke, Mothers of Invention, Vanilla Fudge, Procol Harum, Beach Boys, Ars Nova.

They draw from all ages, though the **BAROQUE** is quite fashionable these days. The **BAROQUE** age (1300 to 1750 very approximately), is characterized by highly structured and highly ornamented music. Within its restricted framework, it has a pleasing sound of high-strung violins and delicate flutes and oboes, and is also the age of the great architectural organ compositions of Bach.

The **CLASSICAL** era—roughly the 18th Century—is a transitional age, noted primarily for the statuesque Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. It forms a bridge to the **ROMANTIC**, which fills the 19th Century. Romantic composers are probably the ones most familiar to modern audiences, since concert programs were for a long time drawn from them. Bee-

# IN THE CLASSICAL GROOVE

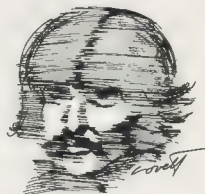
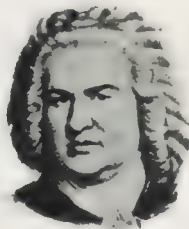
hand, produce the chordal richness of symphonic forms and enable Andres Segovia, for instance, to make one guitar sound like an entire orchestra. With the sitar, it is always one note at a time, however fast. Chording the guitar produces many notes at one time, with accompanying overtones, which are not the same as the sympathetic resonating strings of the sitar, which are passive.

Okay. Now, the names of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, and the forms of the symphony and concerto are familiar to everyone. Likewise Tchaikovsky, Toscanini and "Lenny" Bernstein. But the long and distinguished history of music rarely gets beyond the conservatory walls. Only recently have names like Vivaldi, Telemann and Stockhausen come before the public at large, revealing old and new musical currents, largely as the result of interest in classical matters on the part of rock musicians like Frank Zappa, and because of the availability of esoteric repertoire in the catalogs of companies like NONESUCH and

thoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky belong here. Their symphonies and concertos are less rigid than Baroque forms. There is more passion in their art.

The **IMPRESSIONISTS**, spanning the turn of the century, into the 20th, wrote music which for the most part seems languid and shapeless. Debussy (French) and Sibelius (Finnish) are the most representative. The **MODERNS**—for want of a better term—however, are the most difficult to categorize, because the perspective of history is missing. Igor Stravinsky, the Hungarian composer Bela Bartok and Karlheinz Stockhausen generally appeal more to the cultist and fall with unfamiliar ring on orthodox ears; partly because much contemporary music is based on deliberate distortions of form. Many of the sounds are from the standard orchestral repertoire, but the *combinations* are startling. **CLASSICAL GROOVE** will discuss the Moderns in some detail in subsequent months; not only are these new approaches excit-

(continued on page 51)

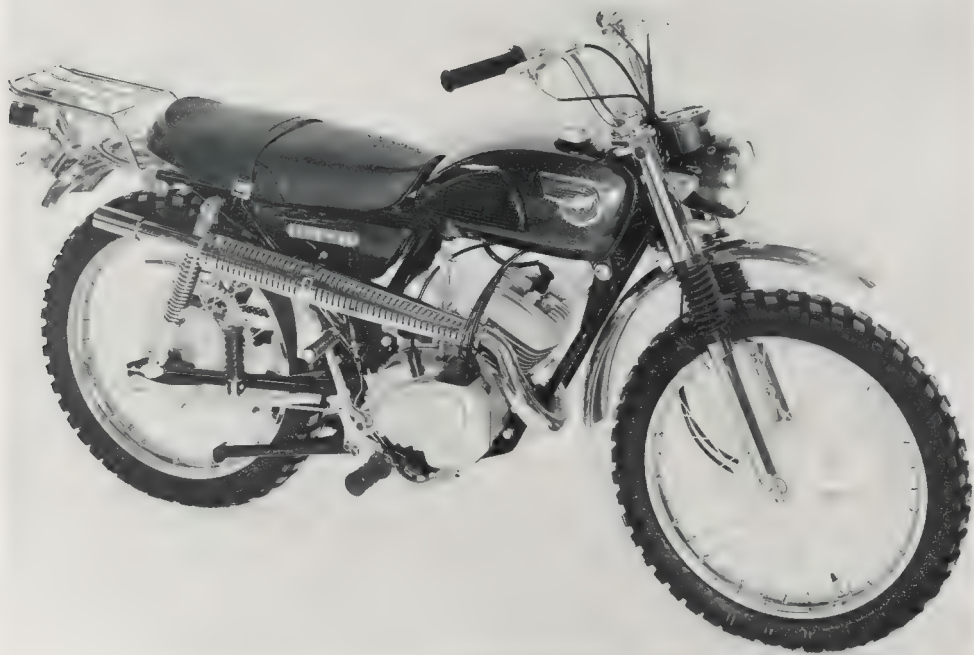


# CYCLE ROAD TEST

## KAWASAKI 120 ROAD RUNNER

It's often interesting to note the remarkable impact that small-displacement foreign-made motorcycles have had on the American market. It wasn't very many years ago that an imported cycle was generally regarded as a cheap imitation—and one for which parts were virtually unobtainable.

But the influx, to this country, of a multitude of lightweight motorcycles has changed that scene. The new imported bikes are generally well-designed, sturdy, and—most important to the young market—inexpensive to purchase and economical to operate. The former parts problem is, for most major imported makes, non-existent. And rather than cheap imitations, the new bikes have become stylish innovators in





motorcycle design.

One example of this new breed is the Kawasaki 120 Street Scrambler. Built in Japan by the well-known aircraft and shipbuilding corporation, the 120 has benefitted from the the technical proficiency of that company's top engineering brains.

The hot little scrambler is actually a dynamic duo in disguise, as the machine converts in minutes from its basic scrambles configuration to that of a trail bike. This feat is accomplished by means of an optional conversion kit.

A lightweight in the truest sense, the Kawasaki 120 weighs in at a mere 178 pounds. But for all of its lightness, the bike is surprisingly sound in construc-

tion. The bike boasts a double-tube cradle frame and hydraulically controlled spring suspension front and rear. We found the ride to be firm and sure, giving a feeling of security whether on open stretches, tight turns or romps through the woods. The 120 responded remarkably well over rough terrain, being light enough to control yet having enough power to negotiate difficult situations.

The little two-stroke single (which features Kawasaki's *Superlube* oiling system eliminating oil-gas mixing) is a rotary valve engine which cranks out a respectable 11.5 horsepower. The mill is definitely solid, containing roller and ball bearings throughout. The power train is rounded out with a four-speed box and link-chain drive.

In a two-way run, both with the wind and into it, our Kawasaki emerged with a 68 m.p.h. average top speed. At no time did the engine falter or break up and the high level exhaust kept up a steady purr (rather than whine) indicative of the rotary valve engine. A twist of the 120's throttle provided all the acceleration we could ask for in a machine of this size.

We were impressed also with the general design and finish of the bike. High-quality enamel is used on tank, headlight, utility compartment and frame. Heavy chrome dresses up the sport fenders and numerous other parts of the machines. The price of the Kawasaki 120 runs in the neighborhood of \$450. ●



Kawasaki 120 Street Scrambler will hit almost 70 m.p.h., weighs 178 pounds.



Well-equipped for a lightweight, Kawasaki features 12-volt battery ignition and lighting.



# PRUNE JUICE

## ELECTRIC PRUNE

The Electric Prune have rapped at least solidly, if not loudly, on the door of national recognition with their first recording ("I Had Too Much To Dream Last Night") and their initial LP on Reprise, *Mass In F Minor*—a rock piece which follows the standard liturgy. Composed by Capitol arranger Dave Axelrod, the work utilized electronic rock instrumentation and was supported by a "straight" orchestra. Recently, the group cast aside any characterizations that may have been placed upon them—as well as sixty-per cent of its members.

O.K., well you're the first magazine we've told this to. About three weeks ago we had kind of an upheaval in our group, with three members leaving: Jim, Weasel and Quent. Since then, they've

been replaced by Ken, David and Jeremy. And with this replacement a whole new thing has come about musically with us. We're no longer the so-called, in very big quotation marks, "psychedelic group." We've gone very musical and very melodic and very, very interested in people joining our way of thinking and grooving with our music.

There's our new album that we'll be doing when we get home, which will be our new sound—and it *is* a new sound. We may call it "Contrast," because that's what it is. We're not limiting ourselves to one type of music. We're going to cover every range from Classical to Country and Western, but everything is done right and that's the most important thing.

*Do you consider yourselves a "rock" group primarily?*

Yeah, I guess so. We don't like the term "rock" but we're beat; that is we've got a beat. Although now we're not using a drummer because the drummer detracts rather than adds to our music. The drummers we've found, anyway.

*You're using your guitar for rhythm?*

Right, and we're hoping that people have a natural sense of rhythm, because rhythm is in every type of music. It's up to the person to find it. The drummer just helps you find it and our music is such that we feel you don't need the drummer to help you find the rhythm.

*How did you get into this "liturgical rock" that we wrote about several issues ago?*

Ah, we were watching a TV show where three clergymen were talking about the lack of interest in religion. We

decided that the reason for this lack of interest is because there is a great communications problem, wherein the church isn't willing to give in at all. They say, "we've got our rules and regulations that were formed so many hundreds of years ago and you conform to them, because years ago they were the law." We wanted to show that something that's old can be brought up to date and can communicate, and that's what we try to do with the music.

By the way, you've got something else that nobody else has been told about: we've dropped the "s" from our name. We're no longer the Electric Prunes, we're the Electric Prune. One thing rather than a whole bunch of things.

*Where did you get the name to start with?*

This has been told over and over and over, and it's a very boring story. Think anything you want to. The most interesting thing you can think of is the way we got it.

We're having a hassle with equipment as a current thing. Air freight and trucking seems to have destroyed it. It always happens. The people that handle it don't have to worry about it, they just throw it. We had it sent to Canada by air freight and they didn't send it. So when it finally got there we had it sent here by truck because air freight broke it. We trucked it, for safety, and *they* destroyed it too.

*Well, where is it now?*

Where is it? It's in heaven. It died on the way down here.

*Do you build your own amplifiers?*

We have somebody who builds them to our specifications. They're called Acoustic Control and they make the majority of amplifiers for many groups, because they will work with the group. You tell them what you want, and they do it.

*What's the difference between your amplifiers and, say, Blue Cheer's?*

Basically, it's not the amplifier, it's the person who's using it that makes a difference, really. They have certain added

things like durability and protective qualities, and things can be changed easily and they're sturdy. But, the amplifier is secondary to the person who is using it, because you can make a bad amplifier sound good, if you've got it.

There's zero distortion in our amplifiers, which Blue Cheer wouldn't like at all. And if you're going to play really loud, it doesn't make any difference what you play. But if you want people to hear what you're doing, then the clarity and definition of Acoustic Control is by far beyond what anyone has today. We use them for clarity, not for the volume they put out.

Blue Cheer is like blaah. It's the absence of something. I think it's like stir quiet; completely overwhelming. Or it's *everything*, but you have nothing left. In other words, it's like you're over your head in water. And you really don't have to do anything to get into it. Have you ever listened to the Simon and Garfunkle album? That album is fantastic.

*Have you ever used 12 Marshalls?*

No, but I get the same effect from turning my radio up too loud.

*Do you get the vibration?*

We get a completely different type of vibration. We're not so completely hung up on sound as we are the whole element of music, including vocals, melodies and the music. Every song is a different mood and we want you to get in with our thing, or do your own thinking. You have to contribute. You have to be of a receptive mind, and then it will be

shared. What we have to offer will be shared. It's like the old radio dramas: people had to use their imaginations and create something. The psychedelic music bag is so overwhelming that it beats on your chest and attacks you.

If we want to create musically, in a so-called market that is a little psychedelic right now, and overwhelming itself in beating the tom-tom, if we project that, then we will attract the listeners who like that music. I believe that's the way it's going *now*, anyway. We have much to give to those who want to listen. Music right now is the greatest mode to get messages across to people, because you have a chance, for the first time, to say things in music. Before, it was "I love you and the sky is blue," but now you can say things and people will listen. Whether you know it or not, by hearing things you listen. By just hearing them on the radio they get into you, if you're meant to hear them and if you want to hear them.

That's what we're trying to do with our music. And there are certain things in our lyrics that do have things to say that people can learn from, if they choose. But that's the thing--*if they choose*. We're not forcing them. And we're not trying to hide things in our music. We want our music to be such that when you listen to it you get your meaning out of it. What is means to you is right, because that's where you're at. It's not what *we* mean, it's what *you* take out of it.

*(continued on page 51)*





# fashion scene

Photos: Eugene Amen Ra

*Ultra-light sleeveless cotton cord displayed by Ellen Peters makes for cool summer dressing. Hipster waist shift is white with large polka dots and a thin ribbon belt of cord material.*



*Pretty Carol Richter displays fine form in an Empire shift of yellow terry. Spartan design features scoop neck, zippered back, and straps that button over the shoulder.*

*Vicky Callum and Eric Von sock it to 'em a la pirates with Vicky in black and white maxi culottes. Full-length cover has sailor type collar, fully-cuffed sleeves and light sailor knot at the neckline. White buttons from neck to navel set off the outfit.*



*Broad-brimmed sun topper tops off lively Carol Richter who shows rayon knit shell in pink and vermillion. Casual trousers are wash-and-wear white denim in popular semi-bellbottom cut.*



*Frances Hunter and Ray Evans appear to have something going. Fran models lightweight synthetic fiber embossed shift with center front pleat and boat neck. Simplicity, lightness and durability make this most wearable in hot weather.*

*Husky Ray Evans wears sharply contrasting tattersall check jacket in double-breasted model. Matching tie and pocket handkerchief add touch of color to summer-weight ensemble.*



This month's fashions consist of a miscellaneous assortment of summer wear. Several of the items were initially conceived from designs submitted by amateur designers and tailors. ●

# on the scene

The McCoys, who saw success at the tender age of 15 with "Hang On Sloopy," are back with a new image which is supposed to put them in the same market place with several other eclectic pop groups, but with the added plus of having quite a few fans waiting for new McCoys' product.

The McCoys are now dividing their seven-day work-weeks between school, week-end performances, and recording their new LP.

## THE MC COYS

The debut LP, which is titled "The Further Adventures of the McCoys," is produced by the group, exclusively using the talents available internally in both writing and performing.

The new McCoys sound features the varied taste that the quartet has developed over the last several years. Drawing on influences as diverse as rhythm and blues and classical music, the group is preparing a potpourri for both McCoys fans and the pop-underground-oriented buying public in general. ●



## THE MAGISTRATES

*Featuring the Voice of Jean Hillary*

Recognizing the timeliness of another medium, television, the Magistrates formed and wrote the new hot single, "Here Comes the Judge" (MGM, K13946), one Monday night, recorded it Wednesday, and had a smash by Saturday afternoon (it sold over 150,000 copies its first three weeks out, and was number 27 on New York's giant station, WABC). The Magistrates, featuring the voice of Jean Hillary (actually Jean is much more than just a voice as her performance on both "Judge" and the other side, "Girl," amply demonstrate) are a trio of seasoned, highly versatile, and inventive musicians. Mike Dennis, 24, and Jerry Summers, 25, were formerly half of the Dovells ("Bristol Stomp, I Can't Sit Down") and do all the instrumental work on "Girl," besides the backup vocals on both sides.

Jean, who is just 21, has seen the range of vocal music in her seven years as a professional singer, doing gospel, jazz, rock and popular music, both singly and with groups. Mike and Jerry have performed from Tokyo to Las Vegas to New York to Rome for SRO crowds while with the Dovells. The horizons for the Magistrates quite probably include the Moon, as their first attempt promises. By the time this is in print, their album (unnamed as of this writing), which is comprised almost entirely of music composed and written by them, will already be on the stands. ●





## STEPPENWOLF

Their name is Steppenwolf, which might remind some of the Berkeley scene, but which is actually of literary origins. And it seems right that they be called Steppenwolf, since their aspect and their music recall Hesse's magic theatre and thoughts of Pablo the musician, his laugh and his hard rock jazz floating in Eastern mysticism.

Grouped together they are suggestive of a Lautrec lithograph; the only difference being the times and that they sing hard rock in the Avalon, Fillmore, and Cheetah instead of the Moulin Rouge.

*Goldie McJohn*, the organist is most certainly a Lautrec profile, with the addition of a natural hairdo. At 22, he is a superb musician and an accomplished underground poet.

*Jerry Edminton*, drummer for Steppenwolf. He is from another era, a time long past of chivalry and Guenevere. If he is not, because of his appearance, compared to Prince Valiant, he is a Russian prince, an Alexander Nevsky of sorts.

*Michael Monarch*, lean and feline lead guitarist, has the grace and sensuality of a cat. On stage, he violently projects this sexuality in his music and his moods. And if he were not the fifth member of Steppenwolf, you know he would have to be the sixth member of the Stones.

*John Russell Morgan* plays bass and looks like his name sounds, with an underlying sensuality differing from Michael's in that it comes on soft and smooth and subtle.

The lead singer is John Kay, spiritual leader of Steppenwolf. With vocals, Kay adds the final electricity. And original material. Tons of it is waiting to be recorded, including Kay's imaginative 17-minute history of the blues. In it are touches of blues giants like Robert Johnson, Almo James and the Staple Singers. ●



## ESTHER AND ABI OFARIM

The story is not uncommon to show business: girl pursues acting career; girl meets dance instructor; girl marries dance instructor. At this point, in a lot of cases, the girl's career is over. Not so with Esther and Abi Ofarim. Abi thought her to be a fine dancer, but was impressed most by her lovely voice. He would spend many hours accompanying her on guitar, and because of his out-and-out encouragement, she agreed to join him in performing at a bohemian night club in Haifa. Two weeks after their opening there, they signed their first recording contract, and made an album together. It was a fair seller, but the second album was a best seller in Israel.

As their popularity began to grow, Philips of France sensed a coming international camp of Esther and Abi Ofarim followers. Philips immediately recorded in several languages a song she had sung in the annual Eurovision contest, perhaps the most important competition available to singing talent. The song "Ten Vas Das" ("Don't Go Away"), became number one in Switzerland, and made the top five in France and Germany.

Since then, the Ofarim cult of fans has been increasing across Europe and the United States. They recently recorded their ninth album, "Is It Really Me," for Philips. Four albums were recorded in their native Israel, three in Europe. "Is It Really Me" was recorded in the U.S. Esther and Abi's multilingual ability in song stands them in good stead. They perform in English, Hebrew, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, and Greek. Last February, they released their current single,

"Cinderella-Rockafella," in England. The song (written by Mason Williams) was the top single in England four weeks in a row.

Esther is also in pursuit of a niche in the film world. She performed professionally before a motion camera for the first time in "Exodus" (1960), and is currently being considered for two European films. ●



# What They're Really Saying...

Look, mac, I want them silver bullets back!



This is your summer replacement?



The Disneyland bus goes under every year.



Don't worry, Mac, they won't laugh at the 4th of July.



No more for him . . . he's driving.



Now let's see if I got that straight -- loaf of milk and quart of bread?



M-I-C, K-E-Y . . .



But I tell ya' that farmer said the turnpike entrance was right 'round the corner!





# Bridging The Gap

Just before 8 o'clock on a hot summer Hollywood evening I swung my car around the corner of Vine and Yucca, headed for the Capitol Records Co. parking lot.

My radio was tuned low to KGBS—a local country-western station—and I was hoping the dj would play a Glen Campbell ballad before I met him at the recording session.

Suddenly it sounded as if there were a stowaway guitar player in the back seat. Instinctively I turned the radio off so I could hear. The sound wasn't coming from my car. It was coming from the Rainbow rehearsal Halls which are located just above Barney Kessel's guitar shop which is next door to the Capitol Tower.

I don't know which of the far-out groups it was, but all the amplifiers were at the peak and the very air reverberated. The session I'm going to, I said to myself, is going to be different. Quite different.

Half an hour later I was to learn that the difference between Glen Campbell's new style of music and the beat of those electric guitars coming from the Rainbow was not as great as I had supposed.

There were a number of people in Studio A before I arrived, but Glen hadn't gotten there yet. The technicians were setting up. There were a few musicians who had come to listen, and there were the inevitable pretty girls from who knows where.

A few minutes before 8, Glen arrived with his wife Billie, and two 12-stringed guitars. His musicians who were to record with him were only a few minutes behind.

Glen makes a very magnetic teeners' idol. He is tall and athletic and goes for hunting, fishing, water skiing, and he was quick to mention he had been up since 7 playing golf with his friends.

His full blond hair is razor styled, and for the session—not open to the public—he was wearing a tail-out orange shirt with a sporty cut, light-blue jeans, and open sandals. During the four hours required to cut the two singles Glen never deviated from his first impression of quiet, easy-going cool.

While the musicians and technicians were setting up Glen told me that he came from Arkansas; grew up on a farm with cotton, corn, watermelons, and 11 brothers and sisters. Everyone played an instrument and sang. Glen picked up drums, bass, violin, mandolin and harmonica besides guitar. He also learned to write music.

With the arrival of Al DeLory—the Artist and Repertoire man producing the record for Capitol—everyone settled down to business.



*Alone—giving his total attention—Glen Campbell listens to the playback of "By The Time I Get To Phoenix" which became a chart-buster.*

It had been a smoggy day in Hollywood, and Glen's first run through wasn't everything he wanted it to be. He sang into his microphone so intimately you couldn't hear him from a few feet away, and the acoustical shield around him served to further deaden the sound.

He chewed on a few sticks of gum and tried it again while the other musicians were arranging their music and the technicians were placing the microphones.

Chuck Berghofer was setting his stringed bass behind another acoustical shield. Jimmy Gordon was helping the sound engineers get a level for his drums, and directly in front of Glen were Joe Osborn on amplified bass guitar and Al Casey on a 12-stringed guitar.

One of the musicians who had wandered into the studio to listen offered to go to the drug store for throat lozenges



# Glenn Campbell

by: John Mikkelsen

when he heard Glen complain of the rasp. That helped.

Taking advantage of the lull while the technicians were making their final microphone adjustments, I asked Glen about his music, and it was then I learned that Glen Campbell might just possibly be the exponent of a whole new style of music.

"When I do rock shows—which I do occasionally—the kids react stronger to the country music I throw in than they do to the rock," he said.

"I think that tastes are changing. I want to get the rock fans to listen to country music, and I want to get the country fans to listen to a little rock. Sometimes I mix'em up.

"The first one we are going to do tonight is 'Hey Little One,' and it is a ballad. But, listen to the beat," Glen said.



Al Casey (left) and Joe Osborn with the amplified bass guitar help Glen Campbell to achieve a new sound bridging the distance between rock and country music.



Glenn Campbell tries out a few lyrics for the approval of Al DeLory, Glen's producer at Capitol Records.



Billie, Glen's pretty young wife, and Tom Neilson, a musician who stopped in to listen, give their full attention to the playback.



Glen and Al DeLory discuss the playback on "Hey Little One" while others listen. Drummer Jimmy Gordon on the right.



When it comes to music, Glen Campbell knows what he is talking about; writer, arranger, instrumentalist, vocalist.

By now Al DeLory is sitting at his place inside the glassed in control room. The red light goes on, and his voice comes over the big speakers: "Five eighty one ninety eight, take one," he says.

Jimmy beats out the count on his sticks, and a deep throbbing bass foundation is laid down for this ballad. It fills the huge studio and electrifies the small audience; just as the hard rock group at the Rainbow Rehearsal hall is doing simultaneously.

Glen carefully and skillfully picks out a figure on his guitar which is picked up by a microphone inches from the strings, while he softly sings into the voice mike directly in front of his face.

Because the sounds are not being amplified into the studio, but are being sent into the control booth and the tape machines, Glen cannot be heard above the bass, but on the first playback his smooth, pleading, controlled voice comes clearly across over that bass beat with the lyrics to "Hey Little One."

Following the playback, Glen, who is a fine arranger as well as an instrumentalist and vocalist, gets into an involved discussion with Al DeLory who also has been a performing musician, and arranges for Glen's recordings.

"I think I should save that finger picking for an over dub," Glen says.

"All right," Al agrees. "We will add it later. And, Casey, try going from that D right into that major seventh. Let's try it again."

At 10:30 they have got the tape they feel is right. Strings, it has been decided, will be added at a later date, but the "take" is ok. After a five minute coffee break, everyone is ready to cut the other side.

The second side is "By The Time I Get To Phoenix." It is another haunting country ballad. After the first run through it is obvious that Glen Campbell is very pleased with this song. It "feels" right to him, and he says so. After the first take on it the girls lined up on folding chairs in the booth looked at each other with wide approving smiles.

"I think this is going to be bigger than 'Just to Satisfy You'" one of the musicians says, and that one is very big on the Los Angeles charts.

"I'd bet a new plastic pick it'll beat 'Burning Bridges,'" says another, referring to an earlier and even bigger Glen Campbell hit. Obviously he has won the bet.

Just before midnight the men stand before the big JBL speakers and listen to the full range playback of both tapes, and they are all very obviously pleased. It has been a good night's work.

"Glen's 'Gentle On My Mind' was number one in Houston on both country and pop charts," Al DeLory says, and I think that is a taste of things to come.

"Country music is big all over the country now, and when we can come along with a country song like 'Phoenix' or 'Hey Little One' the audience is going to be as broad as there are people. It's country all right, but it is *more* than country."

Outside, in the parking lot, I looked up at the Rainbow Rehearsal Halls. The windows were dark. The rock group—whoever they were—had already given up and gone home. •

# newcomers



## THE UNIQUES

These frantic five make LBJ look like a man of leisure when schedules are compared. Since their first hit, "Not Too Long Ago," the Uniques have been in demand for gigs all over the country. They have appeared on most of the major T.V. shows and spend most of their time making personal appearances and performing at dances and concerts.

Pleasing an audience isn't the world's easiest task. "Kids want to hear the days top tunes played just like they sound on record. They aren't interested in hearing us play them in a different style," observes main mouth Joe Stampley. "It's not easy, but we manage to copy the exact sound of the original record and still come through with our own style."

Since the organization of the group in 1960, they have gone through the usual routine of losing and acquiring new members; and they've changed names a couple of times. The five who make up the group now have been together since 1963. ●



## LEE MICHAELS

Lee Michaels, 20, Californian, Sagittarian, young, slim, tall, attractive, blond, musical, masculine, imaginative, progressive, has been popular for some time as a performer in the twin---but warring---zones of Northern and Southern California.

He is as respected by his peers and followers in San Francisco as he is for instance, at the Whisky a Go Go in Los Angeles, for there is nothing he does musically or in his daily life which is not appropriate, "together" and loyal to the ethics of the pop sub-culture to which he belongs.

And what is this sub-culture? What is there to it which makes it so special?

Well . . . for a start, you innovate. You never imitate. You may permit yourself to be influenced by the best of the music around you . . . you may be intrigued and inspired by the Beatles; you may appreciate the Cream, warmly envy them their unity; you may be moved by unique ingredients in the Byrds. But . . . You will never copy their style, assimilate into your performance or writing any of their trickeries . . .

You will refuse musically to be anyone but yourself for being yourself is good enough---and if it is not, then you are no longer meaningful in an increasingly sophisticated and honorable young profession. ●



## MARIANO MORENO

It's a rare human being who lives to see the realization of a dream. In the case of pianist-singer Mariano Moreno, it took only a few years.

Moreno was born in 1941 in Buenos Aires, Argentina. He started playing piano when he was six and began performing professionally as pianist-piper on Argentinian radio at 13.

In the summer of 1964, he arrived in Los Angeles with a pittance in his pocket, most of his worldly possessions on his back and that unrelenting dream ---the formation of a string ensemble and contemporaneous rhythm section, comprised of musicians that could play everything from Bach to The Beatles, to back him up.

Finally, earlier this year, when he felt he could coast a bit, he hand-picked nine of the most accomplished musicians he could find and molded The Unbelievables---the first step toward "paydirt."

At the crux of Moreno's plan was to juxtapose 18th Century chamber sounds and today's "hard rock" approach to music and, therefore, it was logical that each member of the Unbelievables be costumed in long wigs, high collars and all the silken splendor of royalty. Moreno himself dresses like Chopin. ●

# EARTH OPERA:

## ANTI-POP AND OTHER THINGS

**Earth Opera, the latest Boston group, offers a different point of view.**

“You have to listen to the songs and decide what you think we represent. We don’t have an intent in mind when we go on stage except to play music. But as we play more and more, it seems that we are an anti-pop group; we don’t allow people to groove with us except on our specific wave length, which is not what everyone is used to grooving on . . . and our rhythms are slow and churning right now, and that’s what we are presenting to the world. But we have much more in store.”

“The whole street is one big pop art scene. Everybody has Campbell Soup on their shelves, so why not put it in a frame and put it in the living room, so friends can come over and dig how groovy it is. As soon as music becomes pop, there’s always pressure for the music to be bastardized. I mean, we have to play at volumes that are uncomfortable. It’s not in our nature to play at those volumes to reach an audience, but that’s the motive of expression nowadays: insanity.”





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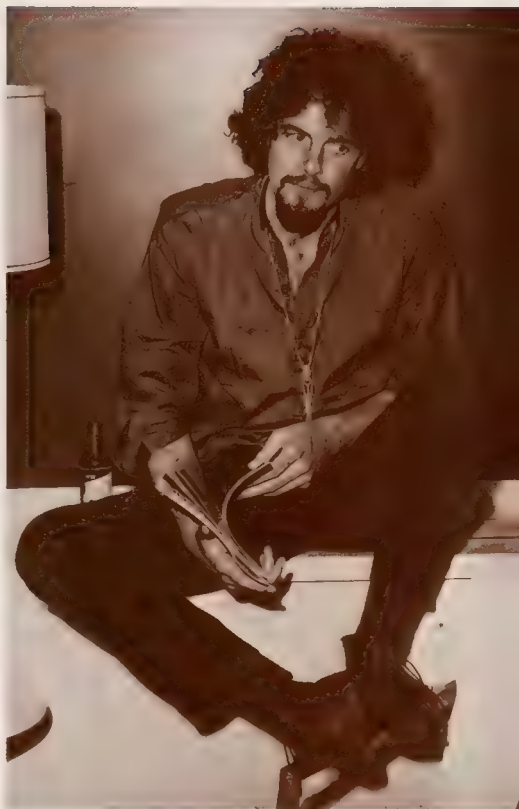
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“ I would probably always try to express myself musically in some way, but there’s always another person around to play it for. Whether it’s my wife, or an audience---it doesn’t make any difference. I don’t think I would ever need to get enjoyment from it if I was alone on a desert island. I don’t think I would ever open my mouth except to eat. ”

“ A good audience can make a song something that it has never been before. ”

“ Music is communication. When there’s no audience, the music is in you, and there’s no reason to play it. When there’s an audience, you take the music in you, and you play it to the audience. And if the audience has music in them, they’ll respond, and then there’s a magic thing that happens . . . good vibrations, and all that. ”



“ Our music is just not music. It’s the songs that Peter has written, it’s poetry, and the music comes after the poetry. We made the music for the poetry. In some ways it’s more than just pure music, though in some ways less. ”

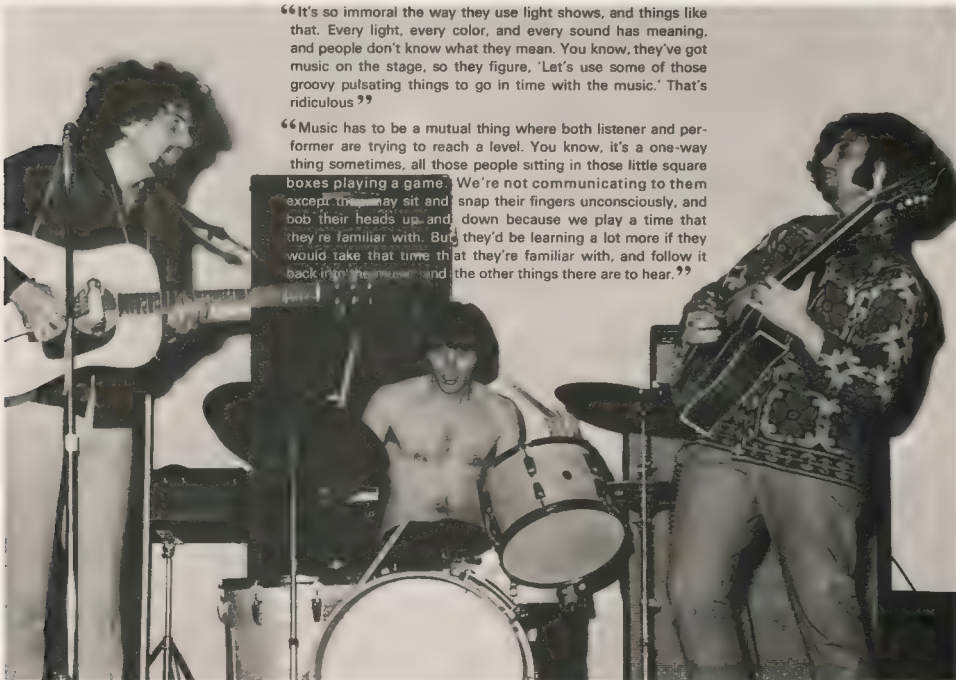
“ Music isn’t just notes. It’s like drugs. It’s more powerful than we are, and you can’t control it. You’re taken by the music. ”

“ Drugs are very dangerous to people because they are more powerful than people are. LSD can clarify a lot of questions in your mind, but you can’t solve them by LSD. If you expand your mind, you have to live up to that expansion. ”



“It’s so immoral the way they use light shows, and things like that. Every light, every color, and every sound has meaning, and people don’t know what they mean. You know, they’ve got music on the stage, so they figure, ‘Let’s use some of those groovy pulsating things to go in time with the music.’ That’s ridiculous.”

“Music has to be a mutual thing where both listener and performer are trying to reach a level. You know, it’s a one-way thing sometimes, all those people sitting in those little square boxes playing a game. We’re not communicating to them except they may sit and snap their fingers unconsciously, and bob their heads up and down because we play a time that they’re familiar with. But they’d be learning a lot more if they would take that time that they’re familiar with, and follow it back into the music, and the other things there are to hear.”





# Country Record Rack

Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison



Columbia has issued a most unusual recording this month—Johnny Cash recorded live during a concert at Folsom Prison (Columbia CS 9639).

At this point, Cash is almost out of the Country/Western bracket. Like Eddy Arnold, Ernie Ford and Tex Ritter, he has surpassed any category or boundary, and what material he touches becomes immediately *his*—transformed through a creative process into something unique.

He is probably the only person who could record in Folsom and emerge with a good piece of work. It was his right, in a sense, and he fittingly opens his program with "Folsom Prison Blues." The atmosphere is electric as his audience responds to "Dirty Old Egg Suckin' Dog," "These Walls" and, with June Carter, "Jackson." The album also contains what must be the wittiest satire on Country/Western material, "Flushed From the Bathroom of Your Heart."

From time to time the concert is interrupted as prisoners, by number, are informed that they have a "reception"—meaning a visitor. The essential plight of Cash's audience is

illuminated as he jokes with them and points out that he has spent some time on *that* side of a cell door.

But at the concert's end, he can leave, they cannot. The record ends, dramatically, with the sound of a thousand men shuffling back to the grey monotony of cells.

Columbia has also released an omnibus recording called COLUMBIA COUNTRY (CWS 2) featuring 20 tracks by as many artists. Styles range from the schmaltzy strings backing Arlene Harden on "What Has the World Done to My Baby" to the lean bluegrass treatment of "Detroit City" by Flatt & Scruggs. Also featured are Ray Price, Judy Lynn, Carl Butler & Pearl and Tommy Collins. It's a good sampler of the current crop of Country/Western sounds.

There are at least two bluegrass records based on the works of rock & rollers. A couple of years old by this time, Elektra 74006 BEATLE COUNTRY, by the Charles River Valley Boys, indicates its source by the title. All the Lennon-McCartney standards are there: "Norwegian Wood," "Help," "She's A Woman," and "Yellow Submarine,"

here pronounced "Yaller." The Charles River Valley Boys are from Boston and do well for city boys. Their harmony is tight and their playing impeccable. Since the Beatles have admitted to some Country influence, it is not surprising that the situation should work the other way around as well.

The other album is Jim & Jesse's BERRY PICKIN IN THE COUNTRY (Epic BN 26176) which uses material from Rhythm and Blues guitarist Chuck Berry. This is closer to home, since Berry's southern background (specifically from Memphis) is tied very closely to the country field itself. The whole problem of interaction between white and negro music has always made categorization difficult. The legendary Jimmie Rodgers borrowed much from negro blues styles and negroes were in turn influenced by white religious music, notably from the old camp meetings. As a matter of fact, the distance from "Folsom Prison Blues" to "Parchman Farm" and "The Midnight Special" is probably not all that great.

Next month: An historical appreciation of the Carter Family. ●

# UNDER FIRE:

## blue cheer

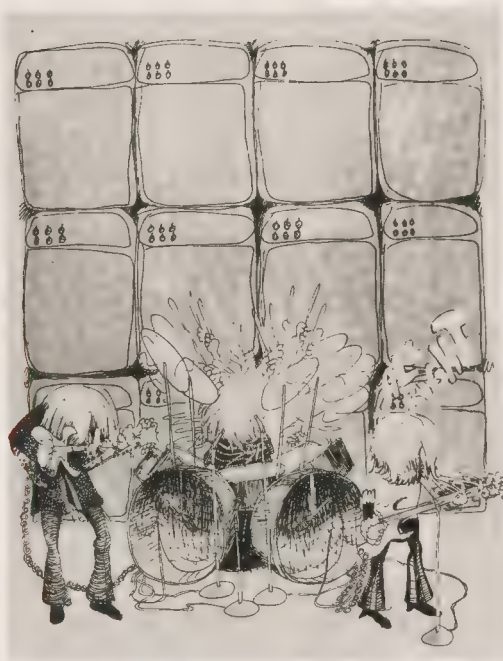
*Yes, indeed, our music has grown up. We present "Under Fire" with the hope that we will make some contribution, no matter how small, to the advancement of modern music. Each month we will subject a group, an individual, or their music to the criticism of our staff. Whether you agree or disagree, your comments are welcome. Starting next month, we will also feature a column of readers' reaction to our conclusions. Send your comments to: "Under Fire," c/o this magazine, 11401 Roosevelt Blvd., Phila., Pa. 19154.*

*"Won't somebody tell me what's wrong . . . tell me what's wrong with me?"\**

Well, uh, okay, Dick. To be perfectly honest, you can't sing, you can't write, you play too loud. But you play too loud because you don't want people to know you're not very good musicians. We hope we haven't hurt your feelings, Dick, that is . . .

There *must* be more to Blue Cheer than this. There is. The most important thing the Cheer has going for it is its potential. It's regretful that their first LP, *Vincebus Eruptum* was cut so soon. They weren't ready.

There were three boys (Dick Peterson, Leigh Stephens, and Paul Whaley) finding their groove in San Francisco, and along came the Record Man with the Juicy Contract. So, instead of finding their groove and progressing within the confines of the



*\* from "Out of Focus," written by Dick Peterson.*

# UNDER FIRE:



understanding Frisco audiences, they are suddenly caught en-route by the cruel eye of the uninformed-but-money-spending general public.

Mother Hendrix and Father Cream gave birth to a freak genius child named Blue Cheer, whose godfather is Augustus Stanley Owsley III. And once Blue Cheer gets off this Hendrix/Cream trip, they can do what they should be doing—developing Blue Cheer. Not that they aren't doing that already—because Hendrix and Cream are vital stepping stones—but premature recognition tends to get one off the track. So does money.

Blue Cheer is for the head, which is fine. It's chaotic mind experience ("vincebus eruptum" means "we conquer chaos"). But it isn't euphoria. A talented listener easily experiences euphoria by listening to the Electric Flag ("Groovin' Is Easy," "Easy Rider"), Cream ("Strange Brew," "Sunshine of Your Love"), or even something as involved as "Time Has Come Today" by the Chambers Brothers. Blue Cheer barges into your head, and stays there. Small doses are recommended. We wonder how many people have o.d.'d on "Vincebus Eruptum?" One cut of the album is exciting. Two cuts are frightening. The whole album at once is painful.

The first cut on side one, "Summertime Blues" (remember Eddie Cochran?) starts out heavy and stays that way. It starts out on one sharply defined level, and does not move to other levels . . . the problem throughout most of the album.

"Rock Me Baby," the second dose, is where the lyrics catch up with the weight of the music. The title is not to be misinterpreted, and the cut is possibly the noisiest amatory song on record.

"Doctor Please" is the longest cut on the album (8:50). Written by Peterson, the song is a plea to his pusher, and the style suits the lyrics very well. "Out of Focus," also by Peterson, is much the same trip as "Doctor Please." Both these cuts are outstand-

*(continued on next page)*

# UNDER FIRE:



(continued)

ing examples of Peterson's immaturity at phrasing (Peterson does vocals), a point which Hendrix and Clapton handle very well.

"Parchment Farm," originally written and done with finesse by Mose Allison, starts nowhere and ends nowhere. But the lyrics are very typical of the Blue Cheer "complain" message:

*I been sittin' over here on the parchment farm, (3)*

*Ain't ever done nobody no wrong.*

*I think I'll be here for the rest of my life, (3)*

*All I did was shoot my wife (She was no good).*

*I been sittin' over here on the parchment farm, (3)*

*All I did was shoot my arm.*

"Second Time Around" is the last cut (also written by Peterson) and, surprisingly, gets off the static heavy Cheer level, and moves through some things, particularly after Paul Whaley's drum solo. Speaking of drums, it's disturbing to the listener of the album that the volume of the percussion does not complement the volume of Leigh Stephens' guitar, and Peterson's bass (guitar and bass are plugged into six Marshall amps).

The Cheer is a touchy subject with other groups. Mention Blue Cheer, and too many frowns appear. So why is Cheer doing better than many groups? Perhaps Blue Cheer succeeds because of this "quantity is quality" hang up that America has—the bigger the car, the better; the more money you make, the better; the wider the screen, the better the movie—hence, the louder the music, the better. There's nothing wrong with shouting the words into the mike. Little Richard has been doing that since the Fifties, and doing it well. But Little Richard is a stepping stone, too, like Hendrix and Cream. Which brings us back to the beginning. So, I'll tell you what's wrong, Dick. Don't get trapped. Develop Blue Cheer until it becomes Blue Cheer.

Hopefully, everything will be all right the second time around. ●



## IN THE CLASSICAL GROOVE

ing when understood in their context, but they help illuminate the phenomenal development of pop music as a contemporary art form.

### BAROQUE

Antonio Vivaldi . . . Johann Sebastian Bach . . . George Frederic Handel . . . Georg Philipp Telemann . . . Alessandro Scarlatti

### CLASSICAL

Franz Joseph Haydn . . . Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

### ROMANTIC

Ludwig Von Beethoven . . . Franz Schubert . . . Richard Wagner . . . Giuseppe Verdi . . . Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky . . . Johannes Brahms . . . Frederik Chopin

### IMPRESSIONIST

Claude Debussy . . . Charles Ives . . . Jean Sibelius . . . Maurice Ravel

### MODERN

Igor Stravinsky . . . Serge Prokofiev . . . Karlheinz Stockhausen . . . Edgar Varese . . . Dimitri Shostakovich

## INSTANT DEFINITIONS

Symphony - large, complex work, usually in four movements

Concerto - piece for solo instrument and large orchestra, usually in 3 movements.

Concerto Grosso - common in BAROQUE, "solo" part is played by a group of instruments

String Quartet - work for first and second violin, viola and cello, usually in 3 or 4 movements.

Sonata - composition in 3 or 4 movements in contrasting forms or keys, often written for solo instrument and accompanying piano.

Fugue - common to BAROQUE, most often on the organ. One theme or several developed by playing several complex variations of it together.

Tone Poem - composition having no fixed form, based on some nonmusical poetic or descriptive theme. Favored by IMPRESSIONISTS. ●

## ELECTRIC PRUNE

*When is your new album coming out?*

Well, we're going to record when we get home. I don't know, however long it takes us. We've only been together like three weeks, and it's just great, because everything happened just right. We had no hassles, nobody had to tell anybody what to do. We knew because we just fit in together. Everybody knows what everybody else is thinking; and so the playing is no problem. We just naturally fit right in, which is great and which is rare. So we'll just go back and do it and it will be right because it has to be.

*Speaking of vibrations and receptive minds, do you have any feelings about the Mahareshi?*

Well, the Mahareshi is doing a nice thing. Though it's very commercial. There are those who are going to be helped because they are people that are in line to be helped and that is the way that they are receiving it. For the most part though, his teachings don't pertain to the will at all. In other words, you have no control at all over what his meditation is. It happens and you could get lost in it. There have been people who put themselves up there and then somebody else had to bring them out, and in that sense it can have a negative effect.

However, there are many people who are studying under the Mahareshi who are changing their path, so to speak, or adding to it--those who are truly interested are seeking something else. They're seeking a deeper wisdom.

We study with a man in L.A. whom we consider to be the finest teacher in America. This takes us into all forms of wisdom, not only Eastern but also Western, Tibetan, Egyptian everything; teaching man to use himself, not just to simply buy a word for \$35, or a weak saying, and think, "I've found the magic

mushroom, now I'm going to be holy, now I'm going to be transcendental." Teaching the individual instead that he is responsible for everything that he does. If he wishes to be fantastic, he has the power to be that. But just to wish it gets nothing done, and just to say a word over and over gets nothing done. It's to understand the cosmic laws in which all of us are involved, which transcends the mediocrity of the surface world. It's like climbing a mountain top. The man down in the valley who's digging a ditch may not believe in the mountain top, or the view seen by the man who climbs the mountain. He comes down from the mountain and he speaks of the splendors of the valley across the way and the lights in the sky and the horizon, but he may be destroyed by those in the valley who are digging the ditch because they don't like to hear that kind of talk. It is there and it is part of everyone who is digging that ditch. He has, actually, a responsibility to climb the mountain.

*Do you think the Mahareshi sold out?*

No, I think the Mahareshi has a definite purpose that he's involved in right now. Many people are going on beyond the Mahareshi. Unfortunately, however good the Maharshi is, he saw his chance to publicize everything he wants to get across to the world and he got taken over by some shrewd businessmen.

In other words, he commercialized because he thought it was a chance to let the whole world in on what it is that he has to say, not to make money or gain from it.

We know, however, that he keeps his money in a Swiss bank. He does not keep it in India. Also, the latest news is that he's fed up with living in an overpopulated country and that he is moving to Los Angeles. Truly, this was the word before we left L.A. ●

# dr. ed

## THE MEANING OF ORDER

### *A Brief Introduction To Law-Breaking*



As a complimentary assist to those freak-outs among us who are contemplating criminal activities or careers (existing felons, being already hip, are of course excluded), I offer some sure-fire advice. Leaving the fascinating background details until later, I shall start right out with the following six special recommendations, all backed by sound data, for those who wish to defy the world of order, to wit:

1. Live in the U.S.A.
2. Read the newspapers regularly, plus a broad array of cheap magazines and paperbacks which are readily available, as are selected movies and TV fare, all of which can help you a lot.
3. Be moderately (not too severely, just enough) mentally or emotionally "disturbed" so that the power of reason will not interfere with your strategy.
4. If you are not already within such a social setting, pay frequent and long visits to some of our severely disadvantaged communities where full measures of helplessness, hopelessness, and angered futility provide the soil for developing appropriately distorted senses of values so important to your career.
5. Spend as much time as possible with experienced law-breakers in order to gain more extensive, albeit usually irrational, motivation and technical information.
6. Take advantage if possible of one of the several routes, noted subsequently, which lead to "instant involvement" and require practically no advanced planning effort.
7. Try some of the more "subtle" approaches, also described later, especially when you become a parent, which can help lead your own kids toward a healthy disrespect for the law at an early age.

These points, you may be assured, are truly the keys to the kingdom of crime. There are others, of course, but these will do nicely to get started. So now, let's get specific.

1. As to the first tip—to live in the U.S.A.—this is not really essential because similar advantages for would-be law-breakers can also be found in other lands. However, here in this nation we are indeed making outstanding progress in the expansion of criminal activity, what with our crime rate growing some five to six times as fast as our population grows. Because of this situation, detection and apprehension are becoming increasingly difficult as we fail to provide for an adequate number of police to keep pace with the problem. All of which makes our nation a relatively attractive place in which to operate (if you're the criminal, that is, not of course if you're the victim—which most of us will be, unfortunately, if things keep on). There are, however, some hitches, but we'll try to rationalize these away later so as not to dampen the mood.

2. Read the newspapers. This will give you a wonderful (though false—but let's not get realistic at this late point) sense of confidence. This is because our newspapers tend to report in dramatic detail many many crimes, especially the more lurid variety. That's because it's newsworthy when people get robbed, beaten, raped, killed, etc. Far less seems to be reported about such crimes (and if so, usually just a

few lines on page 17, lower right corner, under some insect spray advertisement) during the days, weeks and months following such crimes (especially concerning the relatively dull capers such as small bank jobs, minor beatings which merely send people to the hospital for a few days or weeks, car thefts, etc.), as to who was caught, sentenced, and shipped off to the nearest bastille. And it's really a shame because some of the carryings-on, wailing and moaning that accompany these arrests and convictions (of which there are still many) are often most interesting. But that's neither here nor there. The main point is that regular reading of most newspapers can help give you a feeling of real hope for success in your contemplated wrong doings.

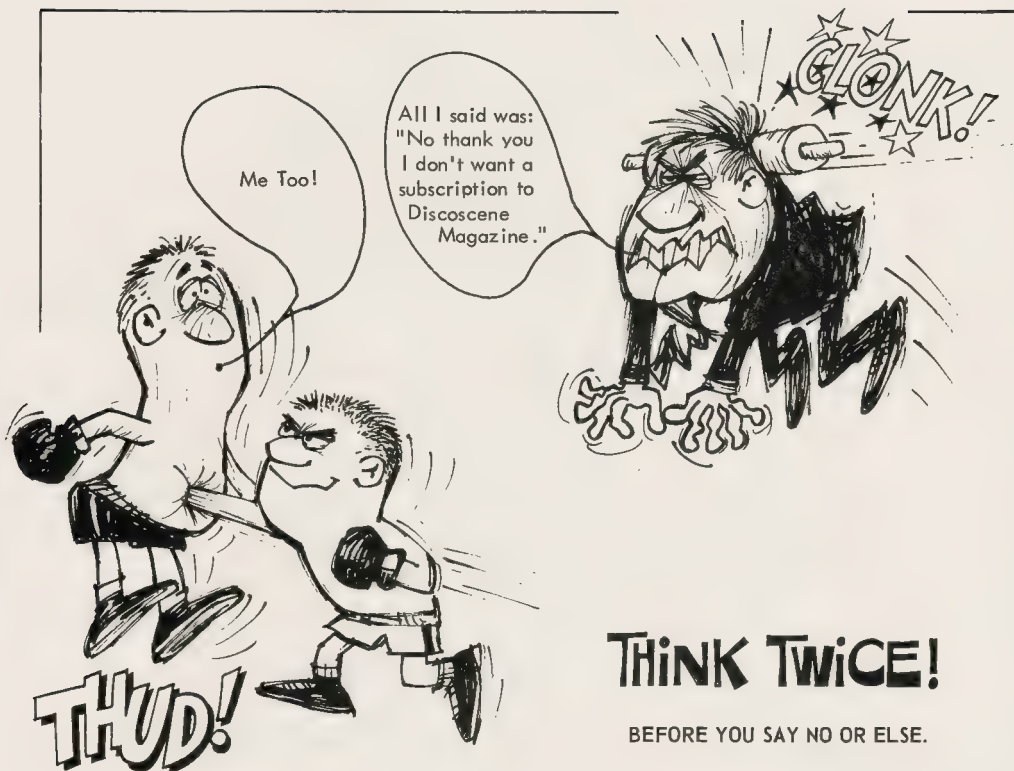
It should be added that there is also a wealth of helpful data available in many magazines, books and paperbacks which present some really sick and distorted values and wierdo behavior patterns in the most attractive formats. Likewise do selected motion pictures and television programs. These are particularly encouraging in that they frequently elicit real gusty sympathy for those who would rob, rape or run down people without batting an eye. (Kind of gives you a warm feeling right there). To be sure, such behavior is usually quite "sick," and the sick do indeed deserve our concern and compassion. But these articles, movies, etc. too often portray sympathy in quite the wrong way, making the criminal and the social psycho out to be a sort of indirect hero (which they rarely are) and do nothing to help us toward preventing (through understanding) such behavior in the first place, for our collective well-being. Also, the poor victims rarely receive any sympathy at all. But now I'm getting rational, for which there is no place in this treatise—sorry about that.

Next month I'll continue with more of the fascinating details on how to get solidly in the world of law breaking with the least possible effort. ●

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## FRIENDS of



Most creativity today is born of destructive constructiveness. That's the answer to "how come Morrison's made it." But moving on to a new generation of *magister musicae*, (anyone who's entered electric-type music after "Rubber Soul") we note a new trend. The content of this is pure, simple and unadulterated iconoclasm mixed with a little self-negation.

Friends Of The Family belong to this new generation of musicians. The members include: Ted Munda as lead singer and rhythm guitarist; Wayne Watson on lead guitar; Ray Andres playing bass guitar and singing vocals; Linzee Lee on keyboard instruments and vocals; and Jimmy Crawford, drummer.

This desire for total immersion is the guiding factor in their music. "I think we're out to find the kind of music that we can really get into, which I think will end up as jazz. As close to jazz as we can get still using electric instruments, still having a big time on electric sound." Unfortunately, they have not yet attained their goal in music: "Because we're not good enough. We haven't been playing long enough yet to really get into jazz and such. We're getting closer and closer the longer we play together. It's going to take a while. You know. Like, we can see channels opening up where we want to go, but we just haven't had the time to go about it yet."

The reason they haven't had time is "because it's kind of hard to do things during the school year." Three of the FOF members are still in high school



## the FAMILY

(two seniors and one junior), and the other three are college drop-outs. Because they are being held back by school, the boys feel that their potential has not been reached. "Right now I don't think the material we're doing is up to par with where we are musically. I think we're capable of doing a lot more than we can do . . . than we are doing right now. We're kind of in a rut, trying to get out."

Setting a precedent with their individual taste in clothing has not stopped them from wearing long hair. In school, their hair has given them trouble with the hierarchy. "They give us plenty of trouble, and we give it back to them. We don't give them *much* trouble, but we just kind of try to rationalize the situation out . . . You know, we're not just doing it to be hip people and to bug them, and stuff like that. I've had it for so long that if I cut it off I'd feel funny. Personally, I think it looks better than short hair. That's the only reason I wear long hair. I think it's the natural thing. Anyway, why pay someone to take away something that's yours? I don't care what people think of me because I have my hair long. I don't give a damn."

Even though the group is in a state of flux, they have accumulated a lot to their credit, especially for a new group. On July 26, they will appear at the Philadelphia Music Festival press conference with Sly and the Family Stone, Wilson Pickett, and the Mitch Ryder Show. Their first single is entitled "Can't Go Home." ●



## WHEATON YOUTH CENTER

The Wheaton Youth Center, located at 11711 Georgia Avenue, was built in 1963 and dedicated to Montgomery County Youth. The Center is owned by the Maryland-National Capital Park and Planning Commission. All programs at the Center are operated by Montgomery County Recreation Department.

Membership at present is 549 and all 7th through 12th graders are eligible for membership. The age limit for out-of-school teens is 18 years. The fee for membership is \$1.00. The programs are advertised in most of the Montgomery County Public Schools and newspapers (Montgomery County Sentinel and Evening Star Teen Section).

The Center has a "Drop-In Program" for which it is open every day 3:00-6:00 and 7:00-10:00 on weekdays, 10:00-6:00 P.M. and 7:00-10:00 P.M. on Saturdays and 1:00-5:00 on Sundays for such activities as basketball, pool, volleyball, badminton, ping pong and dancing to juke box records.

On Friday night, the Center features a teen dance. Once a month, they have a national recording star or a group such as "The Drifters," "The Dells," "The Manhattans," "The Esquires." Other Friday nights a local group is featured, such as "Lawrence and Arabians" (see picture), "The Expressions and the Velours," "The Spades featuring the Rainbows," "Jay and the Inspirations." "The Drifters" will play again in September.

Next summer the Center will offer programs in teen modeling and self-improvement, and in teen theatre. Teen choir is just now being formed. Teen talent show and other clubs and interest groups are available at the Center. •



*Entrance to the Center.*



*David Gordon, winner of the talent show in March.*



*"Lawrence and Arabians"*

*Pool tournament winners: John Western (L.), Mike Killcayne, Lynn Pape, Joe Simpson.*



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# FUN PRODUCTS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS

## HOSEY POSEY IRON-ONS

Item 11696-G \_\_\_\_\_ \$ 69

Red or Blue



G



H



I

## FROSTING COMB

Item 11696-H \_\_\_\_\_ \$1.25

Pink, Blue, Lime

Item 11696-I \_\_\_\_\_ \$1.50

Blond, Brown, Ash

## THIGH HIGH, STRETCH OPAQUE STOCKINGS

Item 11696-F \_\_\_\_\_ \$1.25

### Color

1. Cordovan
2. Gold
3. Pink
4. Navy
5. Blue
6. Yellow
7. Black
8. White
9. Off White
10. Orange
11. Light Brown
12. Red
13. Purple
14. Lgt. Green
15. Dark Green

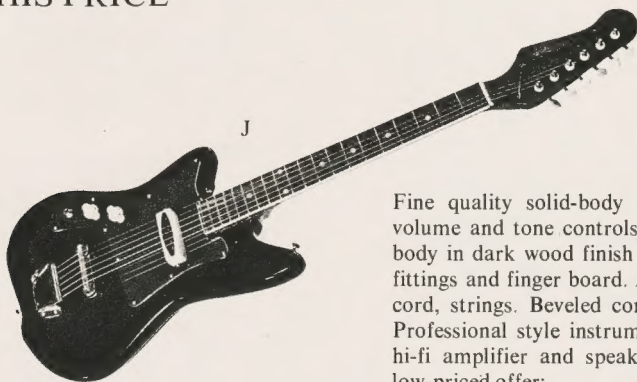


F



NEW • FOR NOW PEOPLE

THE BEST SINGLE PICK-UP ELECTRIC  
GUITAR YOU CAN GET  
AT THIS PRICE



Fine quality solid-body guitar with individual volume and tone controls. Handsome lacquered body in dark wood finish with gleaming chrome fittings and finger board. Adjustable bridge, plus cord, strings. Beveled contour, cutaway design. Professional style instrument plays through any hi-fi amplifier and speaker system. Amazingly low-priced offer:

9072A-J Electric Guitar ONLY \$24.95

**GRAB BAG**  
**DISCOSCENE OF**  
**SOUTHERN MARYLAND**

Box 623  
Rockville, Maryland  
Phone (301) 929-1670

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed is \$\_\_\_\_\_ for

11696-A-Size \_\_\_\_\_ Quantity \_\_\_\_\_  
*Dress Size*

11696-B-Size \_\_\_\_\_ Quantity \_\_\_\_\_  
*Dress Size*

11696-C-Size \_\_\_\_\_ Quantity \_\_\_\_\_  
*Dress Size*

11696-D-Size \_\_\_\_\_ Quantity \_\_\_\_\_  
*Dress Size*

11696-E-Size \_\_\_\_\_ Quantity \_\_\_\_\_  
*Waist Size*

11696-F-Color \_\_\_\_\_ Quantity \_\_\_\_\_

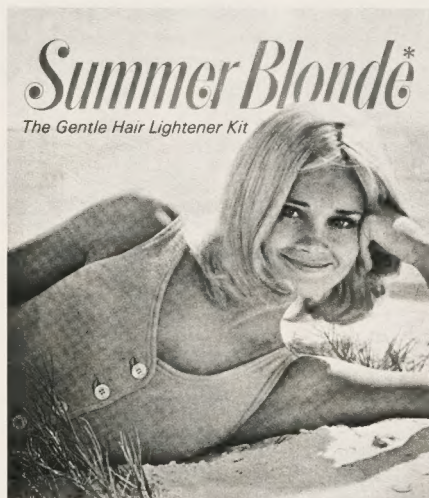
11696-G-Color \_\_\_\_\_ Quantity \_\_\_\_\_  
*Red or Blue*

11696-H-Color \_\_\_\_\_ Quantity \_\_\_\_\_  
*Pink, Blue, Lime*

11696-I-Color \_\_\_\_\_ Quantity \_\_\_\_\_  
*Blond, Brown, Ash*

9072A-J \_\_\_\_\_

Allow 6 Weeks For Delivery.



Want this to be *the* summer of your life? It will be if you have the "Summer Blonde" sun in your hair and you tune in to what's Happening, with WEAM, the "Lively One."

The WEAM Team says it's Twice-Time with Coca-Cola! Buy twice as much and Save; Listen to WEAM twice as much---and Groove!

**It's  
Twice-Time**  
Coca-Cola in half-quarts.  
TRADE MARK ©

**Take 2  
cartons  
for value!**



Coca-Cola--Bottled under the authority of the Coca-Cola Company by the Washington Coca-Cola Bottling Company, Inc.

**NOW...  
REMINGTON  
LETS YOU SHAVE  
3 HOURS CLOSER  
WITH TOTAL COMFORT!**



**DIAL A MORE  
COMFORTABLE SHAVE**



Dial **S1** for shaving neck, tender skin and problem areas. Recommended position for first-time electric shaver users. (Position 1 on Model 200.)



Dial **S2, S3 and S4** to raise shaving heads above guard combs for tougher beards, large areas, tricky spots. (Positions 2, 3 and 4 on Model 200.)



Dial **TRIM** position. Heads pop up. Straighten out sideburns fast. A barber couldn't do better. (Position 5 on Model 200.)



Dial **CLEAN** position and shaver heads pop up, side panels flip open. Brush or blow out whiskers. (Position 6 on Model 200.)



Handy Travel Pack with models CV-550 SP and CV-300 SP. Compact! Wraps neatly around shaver for safe storage while traveling.



# evening mist

HAIR DRESSING AND CONDITIONER  
FOR THAT LOVELY SHEEN

BULK RATE  
U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
Permit No. 854

EVENING MIST is a  
product of the  
NATIONAL BEAUTY  
CULTURISTS LEAGUE,  
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GOODWAY, INC.

